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September 1919

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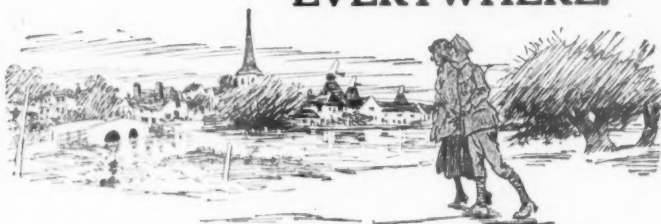
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THE QUIVER

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"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" LENGTHENS, STRENGTHENS & BEAUTIFIES

TEST IT YOURSELF FREE TO-DAY

THIS world-famous growth-promoting hair tonic and food needs no further recommendation than to state that its adoption by millions of men and women in all walks of life continues to receive enthusiastic endorsement.

Have you tried "Harlene Hair-Drill"? If not, you should lose no time in writing for a Free Trial Outfit, which will last you seven days and prove to you the unique benefits to be derived from this splendid toilet exercise.

NO EXCUSE FOR UNHEALTHY, UNLOVELY HAIR.

If you have not hair that is healthy, radiant and luxuriant, hair that is free from unhealthy accumulations, hair that defies Father Time, hair that glints and glistens in the sun, try "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day free of cost to you, except the small expenditure of 4d. on stamps to defray cost of postage and packing on your free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit. (See Coupon below.)

"HAIR-DRILL" ENSURES HAIR BEAUTY.

No one indeed, who values and appreciates hair that is healthy, hair that is beautiful, hair that will not fall out, grow too greasy or too dry, or become thin, brittle, and lustreless, can dispense with "Harlene Hair-Drill." Why? Because "Harlene Hair-Drill" penetrates to the very roots of the hair.

A short course of Hair-Drill will quickly convince you of the wonderful benefits to be derived from its daily practice, and the opportunity is freely offered to you in the unique Four-fold Gift Outfit described below.

THIS GIFT PARCEL COMPRIZES:



1. A bottle of the unrivalled hair food and hair tonic, "Harlene-for-the-Hair."

2. A "Cremex" Shampoo Powder to cleanse scalp and hair and prepare them both for "Harlene Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of

"Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the hair the sheen and softness of silk.

4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Men, too, find that "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dryness, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise the refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily, and so preserve hair-health and beauty.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" will banish and prevent the return of all hair ailments, and you can prove this free, as so many others have already done. Make up your mind to accept this free offer at once—to-day.

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TRIAL OUTFIT.

After a Free trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle, "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of seven (single packets 2d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

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Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel to my address.

Quiver, Sept. 1919

Note to Reader.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")



Overgrown hair roots.

When your hair is attacked by scurf, dryness, over-growth, and begins to fall out and become brittle, thin, and weak, it needs the beneficial treatment of "Harlene Hair-Drill" to give new health and strength to the impeded hair roots.

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THIS Course has been prepared by Mr. Max Pemberton—who has had the valuable collaboration of some of the leading authors of the day. It is a Course intended to help the many inexperienced men and women who are seeking at this time not only to write short stories but also to sell them.

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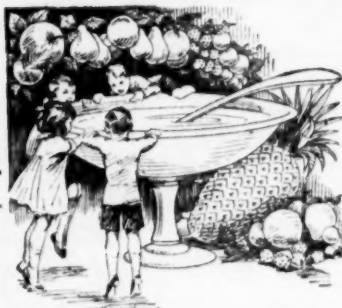
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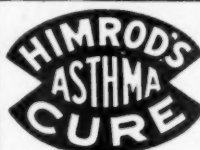


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THE QUIVER

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The man who enters the door where some loose woman lives, imagining foolishly that he is going for enjoyment, is often actually going to his doom. It may well be that he contracts a disease which corrupts the whole blood, and, if untreated, will make his life a burden and torment for years. It will be too late then to wish that he had kept his love sacred for some pure girl whom he hopes to marry. Long treatment must take place and weary months elapse before the doctor can give him again a clean bill of health, and a guarantee that his children will not perish one by one in infancy.

There are some girls too, who think it is up-to-date to have a fling before marriage. They may mean it in all innocence, but it is playing with fire, and a sudden temptation may ruin their hopes of a happy marriage and condemn them to years of infective disease.

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This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

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Pimples	Roughness	Scurf	Spots
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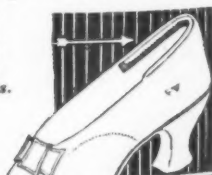
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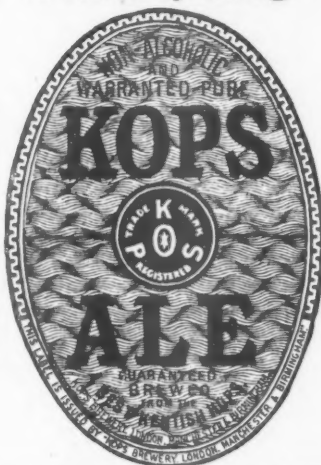
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How often one hears such a remark! Has this ever been said of **YOU**? Are you amongst the **Nervous, Timid, Backward** people who go through life watching others winning happiness, fame and fortune? If so, take Courage — The **Dean System** opens wide the door of **SUCCESS** to all **Nerve Sufferers**. If **YOU** blush, feel awkward when in company, or suffer from any similar nerve weakness, such as **Self-Consciousness, Mind Wandering, Lack of Confidence, Weak Memory, Trembling, Twitchings, etc.**, you will be **speedily and permanently cured**. Write to-day for full particulars, which will be sent **FREE** privately if you mention *The Quiver*. Address—

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THE QUIVER

"ELECTRICITY" IS THE "POPULAR" CURE

IT is splendid to wear an electric battery and to feel during every moment that you go about your daily work its invigorating power strengthening and filling with new life every nerve and fibre of the body.

You feel no discomfort whatever. The current does not irritate or shock in the least. What you experience is simply a carefree, grateful glow permeating right to the nerve centres and making you strong and well. Applied in this manner electricity cures, and the trouble does not return.

It is no use applying electricity in any other way. Ordinary batteries made for commercial purposes, shocking coils, etc., only irritate the nerves. This is why people who have tried them often think that electricity is of no benefit to them. But it is a mistake. With a properly regulated radiating current the very weakest people can be made strong and healthy.

A CURE FOR ALL WITHOUT DRUGS.

My experience has proved to me that no man, woman, or child is too weak to use electricity. Cases of such weakness simply require a longer building-up process: that is all. But the result is absolutely certain, and think how pleasant, stimulating, and enjoyable it is to be cured in this way and to know that every minute of the day the electricity is



strengthening you both in body and mind. How infinitely more sensible than the mistakes made by so many who come to me for advice after they have been pouring expensive medicines and all sorts of mixtures into their poor, disordered stomachs until they tell me that they cannot leave off the habit. Drug taking grows on one, and in time pollutes the whole system. Then why not stop it at once while you can?

"DRUG-TAKING POLLUTES THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

STOP IT WHILE YOU CAN!"

Those who get the most benefit from electricity are Rheumatic sufferers—those who endure the pains of Lumbago, Sciatica, or Gout; those who are miserable because of weakened stomachs, kidneys, liver, bowels, or bladder—and those whose nerves have gone wrong so that they feel unable to bear any longer the terrors and tortures of Neurasthenia, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, and even, in cases, Epilepsy, Neuritis, or Paralysis. Therefore all who suffer in this way should get back their health and strength by means of the electric cure.

NERVES RE-GALVANISED INTO FRESH LIFE.

There are, of course, many other ailments besides these, in all of which the electric method rapidly and permanently cures. Such handicaps as Blushing, Nervous Debility, Mind Wandering, Lack of Self Confidence, etc., though not actually dangerous at the outset, show that the nerves want re-galvanising, as it were, into fresh life and activity.

Your first duty to yourself if you are in any way out of health is to seek advice about it. Write to me, describing your trouble, addressed to The Superintendent, The Pulvermacher Institute, 17 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4, and I will at once tell you exactly how the electric cure would be most suitably applied to your own case. Remember, I am only too pleased to give you this advice free of charge, and there is also a special free book describing the causes of weakness and disease which I want to send to people who need its counsel. Write to-day. Remember that your life and happiness may be at stake, and that you can take advantage of the electric cure just as easily as the highest in the land. It is Nature's gift to mankind, and meant for the health and success of all.

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TATCHO
The HAIR GROWER

Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery 1/3. 2/9. 4/6



I WAS BALD

I was born in 1852, and just as my photograph shows, I now have a full growth of hair. Yet, thirty years ago, I found scurf upon my scalp, and my hair began to fall away until after a while I was classed as a "bald-head."

Call it vanity if you will, it was displeasing to me to remain bald. Furthermore, I believe it is our birthright to have plenty of hair upon our heads.

Seeking a Hair Growth

It is scarcely necessary for me to state that, in the hope of growing new hair, I had experimented with one thing and another—the usual array of lotions, pomades, shampoos, etc.—without getting any benefit. At that age I looked older than I do now. Later, when I became a trader in the Indian Territory of U.S.A., some of the Cherokees jocosely called me "the white brother without a scalp-lock."

American Indians Never Bald

I never saw a bald Cherokee Indian. Both braves and squaws almost invariably use tobacco, eat irregularly, frequently wear tight bands around their heads, and do other things which are commonly ascribed as causes of baldness. Yet they all possess beautiful hair. What, then, is their secret?

Being on the spot—most of the time at Tahlequah—and upon very friendly terms, it was easy for me to gain information from the usually taciturn Cherokees. I learned exactly how American Indians grow long, luxuriant hair, avoiding baldness and eliminating scurf or dandruff.

My Hair Grew Again

Then I applied these secrets to myself, and my hair began to grow. There was no messing or trouble about it. The new hairs emanated from my scalp as profusely as grass grows on a properly kept lawn. I have had a plenitude of hair ever since.

Numerous friends of mine in Philadelphia and elsewhere asked me what had performed such a miracle, and I gave them the Indian Elixir. Their hair soon grew over bald spots. Scurf disappeared wherever it existed—and it never returned. That these persons were amazed and delighted is stating the fact mildly.

The hair that grows is strong and silk-like. It has beautiful lustre and imparts the appearance of health and vigour.

Do You Wish Hair Growth?

Having established London headquarters, I now give notice that you may obtain Ko-tal-ko at any good chemist's or drug store. After buying it, apply regularly and watch the result. You are likely to be astonished and delighted, particularly if you have tried various liquids, lotions, etc., without benefit. Or, if you would like a testing box by post, send sixpence (P.O. or stamps of any country) to J. HART BRITAIN, LTD., 2 Percy Street (209 H.), LONDON, W.1, and you will receive the box post free.



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The selvedge is stamped every few yards,
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This superb make of buckle brogue shoe for ladies will stand any amount of hard wear and tear. Uppers are cut from best selection of calfskin; flexible soles.

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Complete with
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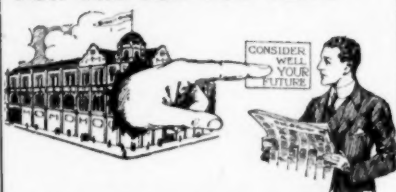
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The Editor's Announcement Page

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TWO Special Articles will appear in my October Number, dealing with an important aspect of the times. One is by E. Vaughan-Smith, and constitutes a calm but searching inquiry into the question "Are the Middle Classes Doomed?" The other is by our Special Commissioner and deals with "Our New Governor"—not King or Parliament, but the Working Man, as the new ruler of our destinies.

The Short Stories will be unusually strong, and Gertrude Page's serial will reach a thrilling conclusion.

The Editor

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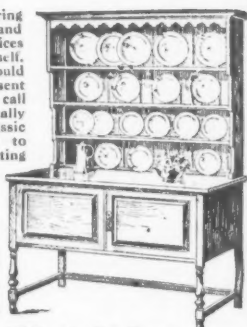


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THE MAKING OF MANON.

By "ESTELLE."

I HAD a note from Manon this morning, asking me round to spend the afternoon at her microscopic flat. She had news, her note informed me hurriedly—she had three whole days' leave from the hospital, and a certain First Lieutenant in the R.A.F. had wired to her that he had arrived in London, and would call for her at six o'clock. Moreover, she wanted me to help her to finish a frock.

I went. I am fond of Manon, although I consider her unnecessarily good-looking. Her features are not extraordinarily fine, but the whole effect is dangerously charming.

By four o'clock we were in her little bedroom. "Sit down, there's a dear," she said, "and while you are finishing that sash I will reveal to you my horrid secrets."

She looked pale, and little lines were visible round the eyes and mouth. V.A.D. work is tiring, and it had left its mark on her. There were two little blackheads on her chin, her hair was lank and straight, and her hands and nails needed attention.

"Yes, I am ugly, am I not?" she said gaily, as if in answer to my unspoken thoughts. "Do you think Sidney will get an awful fright when he sees me?"

"It doesn't seem to worry you, anyway," I said, biting off a thread.

"It doesn't," she said, "because I am going to make myself pretty here and now."

"Paint and powder," I said acidly, "will not banish those spots on your face. And you can't crimp your hair because of the gas rationing. If you don't want to frighten your fiancé, you'd better take a few days' rest and keep severely to yourself."

"You dear old puss!" said Manon, who was washing. "You don't use soap on your face!" I exclaimed, as she rubbed a creamy lather into her skin. "Not ordinary soap," she explained, as she rinsed and dried it. "Pileta. You wouldn't call my skin so bad, would you? I can't use anything but a neutral soap, and my chemist tells me this is the nearest to a neutral you can get."

Her next movement interested me. Before her skin was quite dry, she rubbed some white stuff, like rather solid cold cream, in her face and neck, and then wiped it off with a clean towel. "What's that?" I asked.

"Mercolised wax," said Manon. "I never use cold creams. They clog your skin up and make it muddy. Whenever I get tired of my old skin I just put some of this on, which removes the outer cuticle, leaving a nice new skin underneath. No, you can't see it peeling, silly. Look!" I examined her closely, and certainly her skin looked wonderfully fresh and clear, and there was no sign of roughness.

"Now for those hated blackheads," she exclaimed. By this time I was getting interested.

She took a small tablet and dissolved it in a glass

of hot water. "This is stymol," she exclaimed. When the effervescence had subsided she bathed the blackheads with the water, and dried her face carefully on a towel.

"Now look!" she said triumphantly, turning her face to me.

I looked, and to my astonishment saw that the blemishes had entirely disappeared.

While she was brushing her hair I remarked, "Aren't you going to have any sleeves at all in this frock?"

"Of course not; it would ruin it. One must have one decent dance frock, even if it is only for leave-hops with six couples and a gramophone. That's what Sidney and I are doing to-night. Sleeves would ruin that frock."

"But, Manon!" I expostulated. She smiled. "I'll tell you another little secret. Pheninol—for removing superfluous hair—is sold in powder form at any decent chemist's, and you mix it with water yourself so as to make a paste. It's simply wonderful, and the process isn't a bit painful, and doesn't leave any red marks or irritation."

Manon was still brushing her thick and pretty hair. It is fairly ordinary in colour, darkest brown, but there are soft lights in it, and it is beautifully glossy. "You wash your hair with stallax, don't you?" she asked me. I replied in the negative. "Oh, but, my dear, you should; there's nothing like it. It's a bit expensive at first, as you can only get it in 1-lb. packets; but they last for ages, and it works out very cheaply in the end. I washed mine last night."

"Good gracious!" said I. "I never could do mine up properly so soon after a shampoo."

She smiled absently. Now she was brushing a few drops of some liquid into her hair, and fussing about with a comb. When I saw her clearly, two deep and becoming waves were visible over her forehead.

"All done by kindness and silmerine," she laughed. "If I'd put it on last night, my hair would have been a mass of curls to-day. But it doesn't suit me so, and I just comb a little in before I do it up." And she nodded a charmingly dressed head at my reflection in the glass.

"Hot to-night," I remarked.

"Very," she said. "If I don't put some cleminite on I shall be a pink and shiny fright by the end of the first dance." She was covering her face with some lotion. "Practically home-made," she said. "Most chemists keep cleminite, and you make it up at home. Don't you think the effect's rather good?"

It was. There was a soft bloom on her face and neck which had no look of "make-up," but which had removed all unbecoming "shine." "And the beauty of it is," said she, "I am sure of looking glass the same all the evening. No rushes for a looking-glass and a powder puff for me. I say, Estelle, I'm rather pale, though. Just for once!" She rubbed a trifle of powdered colliandum on her cheeks. It gave her a tiny soft flush which was most becoming, and brought out the colour of her eyes.



The South Downs

Just outside the hurly-burly of Brighton and the fashionable South Coast seaside towns stretches the long line of the South Downs. It is a reflection on the wisdom of the multitude that the piers and picture palaces are thronged, whilst the noble Downs, so near and yet so far away, stand in their lonely grandeur deserted. Human nature has an antipathy to climbing. Yet the pilgrim is of all mortals the most truly blessed.

"Below—sad lives grown mean with care,
Envy and coldness everywhere ;
Above—God's hills.

"Higher—the lark's song, clear and true,
A surer wisdom, a wider view ;
God's hills around.

"The summit reached—to God they knelt
With praise for all their souls had felt
On earth below."





"For a moment each stood
motionless, unable to speak"—p. 866

Drawn by
A. C. Michal

The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies

A Story of Glamour and Gold

By

Philip Macer-Wright

EVERYBODY regarded it as an understood thing that they were to be married. It was one of those pre-ordained affairs—made in heaven—upon which all with one accord bestow their blessing. And, of course, the ultimate terrestrial part of the business had yet to be tested.

Both of them were exceedingly popular. Marion Edgeworth was one of those rare and happy girls who have neither "set" nor "side." Only *cats* could be induced to say a word against her, or even to suggest that they could if they chose. A certain waywardness there was in her blood, but not enough to make her a coquette; a certain occasional recklessness that was condoned as "spirit" and not allowed to rank as a blemish. Had this not been so, there would have been no story to write about her. As for Bernard Callon, he was looked upon by everyone as "a nice boy," a good sportsman who had "done his bit" in Flanders without undue flourish; a chivalrous soul, and—modest! They both had money, and neither of them had parents. So fitted indeed were they for each other that no anxious match-makers had ever schemed to "throw them together." They just met.

Each morning at Pannesley Hall the question was—"Has he proposed?" Any supplementary question would be unnecessary. "Has he proposed?" was tacitly accepted to mean—"Are they engaged?"

But day followed day, and still there came no satisfactory reply to that question. Then, quite suddenly, the party awoke to the fact that something was wrong.

Now there were three people who could have explained. There was Marion, there was Callon, and there was Captain Hurstleigh. The unfortunate thing was that nobody would have dreamed of asking either of them, with the result that in drawing-room and billiard-room, when none of the three happened to be present, there were gusts of very real irritation. Comfortable, middle-

aged people, their own love affairs and romance safely behind them, wanted to see *this* affair over and done with.

Some had wondered how Hurstleigh came to be of the party. Not that there was anything against him, except whispers in odd corners. None of the party had ever met him before. He had been a stranger, but a few weeks ago, even to the Pannesleys. General Pannesley accepted him as the son of an old friend—many of the party were sons or daughters of old friends—and made much of him for the sake of that old friendship. Hurstleigh's father was in India, but when the Pannesleys also were in India young Hurstleigh was spending a sad Anglo-Indian childhood in England. After that there had been farming in Canada and gold prospecting and various other exploits, including a share in certain military operations in East Africa, that connoted an adventurous, though not necessarily a vicious, disposition. One fine morning, not long since, a letter had come to Pannesley Hall, and on another fine morning, a week later, it had been followed by Hurstleigh himself. He discovered himself to be a man who possessed all the elements of popularity, without the vital essence. He fascinated people, but did not charm them. He was tall and dark and distinguished, singularly alert and active, high-spirited, and full of good stories. What ill-will there was against him might have been due to the occasional gleam of irony which shone in his cold grey eyes—moments in which he spared nobody—or perhaps to the eyes themselves. The more probable explanation was simply that he had blundered—confound him!—into a *tête-à-tête*.

"I never could get on with *frigid* eyes, my dear," the Dowager Lady Newpip confided to the drawing-room afternoon-tea circle.

And Lady Marjorie Salling, spinster of many years' standing, had murmured the pet phrase with which she was wont to

THE QUIVER

dismiss all people whose influence she distrusted, and they were many:

"Cat and mouse," murmured Lady Marjorie Salling.

In all fairness to Hurstleigh, however, it had to be admitted that he did not appear wilfully to disturb the Edgeworth-Callon relationship. It was rather as though, unconsciously, he had exercised a strong fascination upon the girl. She sought him out. Had not everybody been so prejudiced in her favour, she might even have been accused of "setting her cap at him." And Callon, too, had not risen to the occasion—if there is a way of rising to such an occasion. Major Mutcliffe was positively indignant because Callon had neither quarrelled, so that all could see, nor flung himself into a violent flirtation.

"Nothing brings 'em round like a wholesome flirtation," said the major. "Vanity is their last trench, my boy; always was and always will be; bless 'em!"

Professor Harting did not agree.

"In novels, yes," he observed, "but not necessarily in life. If they were both flirting, the situation might be sufficiently conventional to justify the old romantic expedient. But Marion is not flirting. When she recovers from her infatuation, if she does recover, she will be much more likely to return to Callon—should he have kept himself balanced and steady in the meantime."

Major Mutcliffe, who never understood the professor, only mumbled to himself.

"Quite unscientific, no doubt," the professor added, "but that's how I look at it."

Whatever theories were held, everyone agreed that the suspense could not last much longer. Some of the men took the view, as it was, that Callon had thrown up the sponge. Not that he sulked, or even appeared particularly depressed; but he made no effort, so far as could be seen, to rehabilitate himself in Marion's esteem, or to challenge his rival's influence over her. The strangest development was the friendship which he struck up with old Harting, as the result of which the two would actually framp out together on botanising expeditions. If Callon knew anything of botany nobody had suspected it before.

At last there came the eve of the break-up of the party. Lady Pannesley had arranged

a dance. Here was the last opportunity for True Love to assert himself, said the despairing champions of Cupid. Several of the men were on leave from Indian stations, and, well—a group that dissolves, dissolves for ever; even if it forms again, there are the strangers Time and Change in its midst.

Fretful under the stress of impending separation, the guests, no less than their hostess, hoped against hope that this troublesome "affair" might be wound up satisfactorily even at the last moment. The next morning, perhaps, there would be a revival of the question—"Has he proposed?" and one could depart with the memory of a great happiness left behind in the old country. Or would there be need now of a supplementary question—"Has she accepted him?"

Lady Pannesley superintended the arrangements with a heavy heart. She designed the cosy corners, retreats for the love-sick, with the ingenuity that had brought about many a successful marriage, and had made her dances the most famous in India; but she did so without faith. Marion and Bernard would not be the only young people in the house that night, although they might be the only ones that mattered. For a moment she found herself earnestly involved in a cunning scheme of cushions and shaded lights; to be chilled by the thought that here, possibly, Marion might accept—Hurstleigh. But she thought the scheme out, nevertheless, and completed it.

That night Marion danced three times with Callon, and three times with Hurstleigh. During two dances Marion and Hurstleigh were absent from the ball-room. Nor could they be found, despite the furious searches made by two disappointed and troubled subalterns to whom those two dances had been pledged.

Marion returned to the ball-room like a pale goddess, while Hurstleigh was not seen again that night. There had been a peremptory telegram, it seemed, of bad news, and Hurstleigh had gone away in obedience to the summons. Such, at any rate, was the rumour which circulated among the dancers, and Lady Pannesley in due course confirmed the rumour.

Marion faithfully fulfilled the remainder of her programme promises, was taken to

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES

supper, and joined in the final romp. As the night passed she seemed to grow more and more buoyant. The cloud which she had brought back to the ball-room gradually dissipated and did not reappear. She was so gay that some suspected a trace of defiant abandon in the mood. And Callon watched her, hiding his sorrow, wondering.

On the great staircase they met for a moment and said "good-night."

"It's 'good-bye,' too, I suppose," said Callon.

Marion looked calmly, seriously, into his eyes.

"I hope not," she answered. "Why should it be 'good-bye' ? *You are not off to India.*"

Callon thought he detected just the slightest tinge of contempt in her voice. Evidently it was as he supposed. A quiet, ordinary, humdrum fellow, upon whom even the Great War had conferred neither wound nor decoration, was not for her. In a flash he felt that he had grasped her secret. "If she may not adventure," he told himself, "she will at least give her love to the man who can. Hers will be the vicarious adventure." It all came in the instant, while he replied to that—" *You are not off to India.*" His reply was scarcely audible.

"I don't know," he said.

Marion laughed softly.

"Surely you are not going to desert your botany ?"

Callon really believed that a moment before he had visions of the Pole, of Central Africa, at the least of some Overseas backwoods ; of all sorts of wild and arduous adventure ; visions of doing something "that would show her——" But the mockery of her tone killed all that. His lower lip crept out a trifle and his teeth snapped together.

"Yes," he said ; "I think I shall go in for botany—*strong.*"

They shook hands.

"Well, we're sure to meet again in town, some day. Good-night."

And she tripped lightly upstairs.



Marion's sleep was troubled and of short duration. Her sleep was troubled by visions of Callon ; her wakefulness by thoughts of Hurstleigh. In her dreams she found herself wandering with Callon, astonishingly happy under a spell which was still

unbroken. They walked through solemn beech-woods, hand in hand, supremely content, linked for life, betrothed. Never had life seemed so tranquil, so placid, so smoothly and ripely golden. Never did the vista of coming days spread out more calmly, with greater promise of peace. A fear clutched at her heart lest all this happiness should indeed prove illusory, the fruits of a dream, and in the grip of this fear pressed her lover's hand more tightly—to awake—to awake in a world full of perplexities and cross purposes and tempestuous follies. And, awaking, for the first time she asked herself whether she had indeed committed one such folly—had desecrated Love's altar and sacrificed her life ?

Was she, after all, made for peace—or the sword ? Bernard Callon, surely, could have given her peace, steadfastness, fidelity. And Hurstleigh ? Hurstleigh was different. Life with Hurstleigh would be another proposition. A larger, fuller life, maybe, under the rush and eddy of changing skies—

Last night I lay in my own feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O !
To-night I shall sleep in a cold open field
Along with the wrangle taggle gipsies, O !

In the cold dawn of her wakefulness there stalked a grey Terror. Had she followed her destiny, or only rebelled against it ? Had she merely obeyed a mood, indulged the empty heroics of a chit of a school-girl ? Was Love outside a locked door—weeping ? And within the sacred temple—one whom she did not love ? And was that *all* that it was ?

For Marion and Hurstleigh were engaged.

It seemed to her now, as she lay on her back, open-eyed, her brain unnaturally, cruelly clear, that she had been swept into that engagement by a wild gust of hysteria. The circumstances, as she recalled them, looked grotesque and menacing. And she knew that when day came again in its fullness a wilful and puffy pride would bind her indissolubly to her compact. Right or wrong, she would do it. But could an hour's real happiness be based on such a foundation ? There floated before her eyes the picture of Hurstleigh as she saw him when—when they plighted their troth.

When Marion absented herself from the dancers she had hurried up to her bedroom. The thought had suddenly occurred to her that this was the kind of occasion when

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strange thefts are committed in bedrooms; that her maid was probably busy with other maids in the servants' quarters; that the upper floors would be deserted—and that she had carelessly left jewellery lying loose upon her dressing-table. But it was a thief, if her mind went so far as to shape any concrete fear—a thief from outside, not from within the house, that she had thought of.

She found her belongings safe enough, locked them away, laughed at herself for being so suspicious, turned a corner in the passage—and saw Hurstleigh.

Hurstleigh was entering Lady Fulton's room. For an instant she was tempted to think her eyes were playing a trick upon her; that a ghost-thief had been called up by her own hectic imagination. But why should that ghost resemble Hurstleigh? Then she also, on tip-toe, holding her breath, entered Lady Fulton's room. It was in darkness, save for a bright little yellowish glow which crept along the surface of the dressing-table. Marion, with trembling fingers, touched the electric switch by the door. It was indeed no ghost that confronted her in the glaring light that now seemed to swim about her eyes. It was Hurstleigh, beyond all possibility of doubt Hurstleigh, the little electric torch still alight in his hand, who swung round and stared at her, blank astonishment on his face, and fright.

For a moment each stood motionless, unable to speak. Marion had a wild desire to switch off the light and run away. She even tried to put her hand out again to the switch, but found that the hand would not do the bidding of her brain. She stood there, bereft of all power to move or to speak, paralysed. Then Hurstleigh recovered himself and the tension was removed. With his eyes still on her face he turned off the light of his torch, and put the toy in his pocket. The look of fear had left him, and when at length he spoke there was no shade of nervousness in his voice; nothing, in fact, that would have indicated to a stranger that any untoward event had happened.

"You are surprised to find me here?—naturally."

Marion did not speak.

"You think——?"

Hurstleigh threw out his right hand a little as though to complete the sentence in

dumb show, and then let it fall to his side in limp acknowledgment that it was even as she thought.

"Yes," he said, quietly; "I was here to steal."

A deep sigh came from Marion, a sigh as of relief after a severely exhausting ordeal. She was still shocked, horribly shocked; but the man's calmness helped her to steady herself. Against her will, she even found herself admiring him for his serene self-control and assurance. That this man could be a thief had never until now entered her thoughts, but she felt that he was behaving just as she would have expected him to behave in such a dilemma. She had always admired the strength that lay in repression and had deep reserves to draw upon at a crisis. Hurstleigh was emerging triumphantly from a test which might well have overwhelmed a man ordinarily accounted strong.

"So you are a thief," said Marion at last, slowly, half-whisperingly, as if she were trying hard to focus events in their proper perspective. There was no anger in her voice, but profound astonishment almost amounting to disbelief.

"In intention, yes," Hurstleigh replied. "Had you not come it would have been in effect too. But please don't think I want to whitewash myself. As you say—I am a thief. Near enough, anyway. You have only to call out loudly and I shall be handed over to the police and sent to prison."

So strong is the power of suggestion that on the instant the girl felt herself torn with the desire to rush out of the room and give the alarm, as he had dared her to do. But this same instinct warned her of the risk in which the man stood. Her next impulse, and this she obeyed, was to remove him from danger. She went softly to the door, looked up and down the corridor; then, hurrying back, shut the door and switched off the light. Footsteps approached the door; passed. There was the noise of a door being shut farther down the passage. Marion switched the light on again.

"Quickly!" she said. "You must come to my room while—while we decide what is to be done."

And in her own room, the door locked, she had drawn his story from him.

In her feverish wakefulness she asked herself what terrible impulse had made her

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seek this confidence, while rejoicing in the bitter-sweet of it. For, wonderful and scarcely credible though it seemed, he had made love to her! That, at all events, was what his confession amounted to. He had told her it was his love for her that had driven him to this crime; that he loved her passionately, devotedly, and was poor; that pride prevented him from asking her to marry a man who was little more than a polite beggar; that he had heard of the immense value of these jewels of Lady Fulton; was aware, with the rest of the house-party, that Lady Fulton had brought them to Pannesley, and had observed that to-night she was wearing none of them. The Devil had shown him these things, had tempted him, and he had fallen.

There was a stage of this confession when he had appeared impenitent, declaring that he was not the first malefactor History could show who had stooped to crime, blinded by his lady's eyes. Afterwards he had abased himself before her, begging her to hand him over to the police, to wash her hands of him, to leave him to his fate, but—in spite of all—to forgive him. At no point of the recital, however, had he shown fear, except the fear that he had for ever forfeited her regard. He had managed to maintain a certain dignity of bearing, a calm daring that permeated even the abasement, and fascinated her. And listening to him, the shadiness of the adventure escaped her, while the daring of it set vibrating a sympathetic chord in the waywardness of her nature.

In her own room, hours later, she tried to analyse the emotion he had aroused in her, but in vain. All that remained clear was that the emotion had carried her away, had swept her from her feet; that she had been seized with the desire to redeem this wild lover of hers, whatever the cost.

"If only you had spoken before—before this happened," she had said desperately.

"You mean that you—"

He moved towards her, urgently; then checked himself, his arms falling inertly to his side.

"You mean that you might—might have accepted me?"

Marion's eyes had filled with tears.

"It is too late, isn't it, to talk of might-have-been?" she murmured.

And then, suddenly, his arms had been

about her and he was kissing her and whispering passionately in her ear.

"Is it too late?" he whispered. "Help me to get away, right away from all this, and give me something to strive for, to hope for——"

She could hear his tense whispering even now, feel his breath upon her cheek, experience again the weak tenderness that had come over her, and the yearning for his redemption. And there had been the need for haste; they would be missed by the other dancers; though, why it seemed so necessary that he should leave the house immediately, or so inevitable that the greater decision—affecting both their lives—should be arrived at with equal speed, she could not now discover. She only knew that at the time this appeared to be the right thing; that they should not meet again, nor even correspond, until he had proved by honourable achievement, by humdrum endeavour, his devotion to her.

And Marion had promised to wait. In the agony of the dawn she recoiled from the strength of this bond and yet—rejoiced that it was so strong.



The next morning Pannesley Hall was in a state of violent commotion. The news had leaked out, despite Lady Pannesley's energetic precautions. By mutual consent the house-party had decided to postpone the breaking-up until the following morning, only a few of the guests finding the arrangements which had seemed so urgent and unassailable the previous day incapable of readjustment by the telegraph. All the guests were eager to see their hosts through the trouble that had come upon them, and all were sanguine that this would be accomplished within the next few hours.

Lady Fulton's jewels had disappeared!

To the first feeling of consternation had succeeded the belief that in some absurd way Lady Fulton had made a mistake; that her precious jewels had not been lost at all. There were one or two cynical men-of-the-world who told each other knowingly that the jewels were a myth; that Lady Fulton never had any jewels—to speak of; repeating the impossible fable with as much confidence as though never until this morning had they heard of the Fulton jewels, and utterly ignoring the fact that they had

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actually seen some of them only a few nights ago round Lady Fulton's neck and in her hair.

"If the woman had the jewels," said Colonel Mountjoy, "you bet your life she would have worn them at the dance."

To this little group here seemed at least presumptive evidence of the non-existence of the Fulton jewels. The anxiety of Lady Pannesley (Lady Fulton had locked herself up and her grief was not visible to them) was obvious to all the more thoughtful souls, however, and General Pannesley was moving heaven and earth to obtain a satisfactory solution. As quietly as might be, steps were being taken. At this very moment a sergeant and constable from Bulport were making a systematic search. General Pannesley had himself telephoned to London and an officer from Scotland Yard was now on his way to extend the investigation. The result of this telephone conversation had been considerably worrying to the author of it, for it had entailed a reference to Hurstleigh. He had even found himself mentioning the train which Hurstleigh would have taken when he departed from the Hall. Very annoying these Scotland Yard methods; no doubt quite proper under the circumstances, this scrupulous inquisitiveness, but confoundedly annoying. Hurstleigh had to be mentioned, but the General was silently apologising to Hurstleigh, and to his old friend, Hurstleigh's father, as the name vibrated along the wire.

Others were less disposed to spare Hurstleigh, be his name never so honourable. Among the busiest of the gossips, of course, were the Dowager Lady Newpip and Lady Marjorie Salling, who confided to each other, in the strictest confidence and with much palsied head-shaking, that they had never trusted him, never, from the first moment he brought his unwelcome presence into the house.

"A man with eyes like his, my dear," whispered the Dowager, "would commit the worst infamy. If you were to tell me that he murdered her first and then tore the jewels from her corpse, one by one"—such a leisurely and methodical form of robbery appeared to strike her as the worst that depravity could accomplish—"I should be not the least surprised; not the least."

And the Lady Marjorie, succinctly and with characteristically frigid emphasis, re-

plied that she also could believe anything bad of a man who carried with him, wherever he went, that "cat and mouse" manner.

"He was always watching, you know," she added.

"Yes—and waiting," said the Dowager.

In the meanwhile, Marion, oblivious to all this hubbub and sensation, was far away from the house, wandering. So soon as the birds had begun to chatter at her window she had risen and dressed, hoping to recover her spirits by a brisk walk in the freshness of the morning. The dew had not left the grass when she crossed the lawn. Along the drive she went, past the lodge gates, and through the sleepy village street. As she continued her way between the russet and crimson hedgerows of mid-autumn, pausing now and again to listen to a lark singing in mid-air or to watch another rising joyously from the earth, she found the cares that had oppressed her in the solitude of her own room likewise taking wings. Viewed in the clear air and unassailable calm of early morning the episode of overnight seemed more than ever like a dream, and a bad dream. Surely she had been under a spell!

The walk broadened out. To her astonishment she found that she must have walked several miles and was in unfamiliar country. She stopped at a cottage, drank some milk, ate some home-made cake. After that she tried to find her way back without asking assistance, ventured upon a "quick cut" over some meadows, followed it up by another through a wood, and—lost herself completely. Fatigue and the reaction from mental strain magnified the mild inconvenience to mammoth proportions, and she wandered on almost hysterical. Again her mind became assailed with the doubts born of overnight. It seemed so appalling that there was not a single soul to whom she could take her confidences. She could not even write to the man herself; could not withdraw her rash pledge, even if she wished. With tears in her eyes she still told herself that, come what might, she would see the thing through. She was not the girl to break a promise. But it was disquieting that the promise should be stripped so completely of all glamour and that in the clear sunlight the less romantic side of the affair should persist in forcing itself upon her. Sitting down to rest, half distraught,



"Don't think any more of me, Miss Edgeworth,
but forgive me if you can"—p. 871

*Drawn by
A. C. Michael*

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she told herself that she hated the very name of adventure.

The sun had climbed high into the sky, and since she left the wood she had been walking over downland upon which the sun beat with a shadeless, burning brilliance. Choking back her tears, she had just determined to endeavour to retrace her steps over those misleading "quick cuts," in quest of the cottage where she had called earlier, when she saw in the distance, appearing over a ridge of ground, the shoulders and the unmistakable hat (a hat that no one could mistake at any distance) of Professor Harting. With a cry of relief she began to run towards him. The hat and shoulders disappeared again beneath the ridge, but she ran on, comforted. When quite near the ridge she found the ground more precipitous than she had imagined, and in her haste she stumbled, lost her footing, and went sliding, in very undignified fashion, down an avalanche of small stones. At the bottom a man rose hurriedly and helped her to her feet; not the professor, but—Bernard Callon!

Quite unwittingly Bernard Callon also had escaped the excited doings at Pannesley Hall, and with him old Harting. He had wasted no time in carrying out his threat of the previous night. She had dared him to botanise, or so he had interpreted her words, and here he was—botanising. In his present state of mind he rejoiced at having some really quiet pursuit, something that was emphatically not "showy," muscular, or stridently manly. Old Harting and he had struck up a bargain, and it was as the result of that understanding that they had stolen away from the emotional orgy of leave-taking in order to spend solemn hours in communion with Nature. Old Harting, more human than many of his strenuous acquaintances imagined, did not flatter himself he had obtained a convert, though he kept his doubts to himself, but had great faith in the healing properties of his beloved pursuit. He was not without hope, moreover, that from his own store of experience he might be able to provide a salve for his young friend's ill. So they had struck a bargain, and here they were—botanising; Pannesley Hall, with all its turmoil and sordid care, as remote from them as though they breathed the air of a superior planet—

"I have lost myself," said Marion, as calmly as she was able.

Happily Providence has arranged that no mortal may slide gently down an avalanche of small stones and continue to take a tragic view of life.

"And I appear to have found you," said Bernard, as calmly.

He seemed glad. By some occult means he managed to convey to Marion the instant impression that so far as he was concerned nothing could please him more than to be lost—in her company. But Professor Harting, who suddenly appeared before them, quickly discovered to her the exact position of every essential locality, including the Hall, some six miles distant, and the nearest railway station, two miles away precisely. Information of a botanical nature he kept religiously to himself. Old Harting, philosopher enough to accept the inevitable without complaint, reconciled himself straightway to the prospect of solitude and bore the defection of his young disciple like a seasoned stoic. For Bernard had proposed, and Marion had agreed, that he should accompany her to the railway station. Old Harting looked benevolently after their receding figures and made friendly gesticulations with that unmistakable hat of his when they turned round to wave farewell.

"And that's the end of your botanising, my young friend," he murmured, with a sigh which had a smile to follow.

The station to which they bent their steps was a junction which had to be negotiated—after a careful study of time-tables—by all travellers to Pannesley Hall. To the residents of Bulport and to the select few who made Bulport their annual holiday resort, the little junction was of immense importance. To-day it was to prove of immense importance to the two young people now moving towards it over a shelving expanse of downland. A segment of glittering silver in the distance was the sea, visible through a cleft of the hills; innumerable larks were singing overhead; a few rooks sailed by noisily, and flocks of starlings circled against the white clouds, settled to earth, and again curled upward into the air.

A great peace wrapped Marion around. Almost she could believe that this walk with Bernard was the realisation of the brighter part of her dream; that they were betrothed; bound by the closest ties of

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mutual content. They talked little, but without strain. The old easy comradeship carried them along. In time the path brought them to a white chalk road that zig-zagged down to the lower ground where, already visible to them, lay the small railway station with its cluster of signals and the insignificant country town that sat close by. The smoke of an approaching train mounted in billowy whiteness from a bend in the low hills, and a moment later they could see the thin black train itself hurrying along and could hear the clatter of its wheels.

"From London," said Bernard.

The two ran down the remainder of the steep road, laughing light-heartedly; hastened along the level at the bottom, and reached the station just as the train was puffing its way out again, leaving behind it as a legacy its one carriage for Bulport. An engine, with one other carriage, was already waiting in the siding to take it along the last few miles of its travels. Marion went straight through to the platform—while Bernard set himself the task of tracking down someone from whom he could buy tickets—and walked casually, half-curiously, towards the carriage from London. As she came abreast of the first window a sudden faintness took hold of her so that she had to seize the carriage door to prevent herself from falling. Through the open window, a face, as pale as hers, was looking at her in abject depression and concern. *It was Hurstleigh's!*

"Why, Jack!" she cried, summoning with a great effort all her strength of will, "what are you doing here?"

To her astonishment Hurstleigh made no answer; gave not the slightest sign of recognition.

Opposite Hurstleigh was a tall, good-looking man with a clipped dark moustache and very clear hazel eyes, and at this point he rose from his seat, opened the door, and having carefully raised the window before closing the door again, stepped down to the platform. Before he had time to shut the door Marion had seen, with a shudder, that *Hurstleigh was handcuffed!*

"Excuse me, miss," he said, raising his hat; "are you from Pannesley Hall?"

"Yes," replied Marion, white to the lips; "I am Miss Edgeworth, and a guest of General Pannesley. Surely that gentleman

with you is Captain Hurstleigh, and—and there must be some horrible mistake."

"There certainly has been a mistake," he said, "though not as you think. I'm Inspector Boon, from Scotland Yard. The General has sent for me in connection with those stolen jewels."

The inspector's attention was so divided between Marion and his charge that he failed to notice the dismay his words created.

"I am fortunate enough," the man continued, "to have found on my way from London not only the jewels but also the man who took them. It is not often that one meets with such a piece of luck, miss."

"What jewels, inspector?" Marion managed to ask, dizzily. "I have been away from the Hall since early morning," she explained, noticing the officer's blank surprise.

"Why, Lady Fulton's," he said.

Her hand moved, unconsciously, towards the carriage door.

"Lady Fulton's! And—and this—this man—Captain Hurstleigh—one of Lord Pannesley's guests——"

"That is the mistake you spoke of, miss. His name is no more Hurstleigh than mine is. He's a well-known thief all right, and one of the cleverest of them. It's just like him to have got himself accepted as one of the house-party when jewels were about, though how he did it is one of the things we've got to find out."

"May—may I speak to him?" asked Marion tremulously.

"You'll only be making it harder for him, miss, and upsetting yourself too."

"Just one word——"

The inspector opened the door and himself moved a pace away.

"Captain Hurstleigh," Marion began, controlling her voice with difficulty.

The man looked intently into her face for an instant, then turned his eyes away as he answered:

"Don't think any more of me, Miss Edgeworth," he said, "but forgive me, if you can, for cheating you so. I played a smart game, but"—here he looked at her again with deep significance—"happily you don't come into it; that is, more than any of the others whom I cheated at the Hall."

Behind her he could see Callon coming from the booking office. There was a sudden bump as the Bulport engine linked

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on to the London carriage. The inspector, again raising his hat to Marion, hurriedly jumped into the train. Hurstleigh put a restraining hand on the inspector's, and the door remained open long enough to enable him to speak to Marion once again.

"Take lesson from me, Miss Edgeworth," he said, with a melancholy smile, "and don't think so much in the future of the wrangle taggle gipsies. They're devils!"

The engine whistled, and at the same moment Marion heard Callon's voice hailing her. He made as though to open the door of the carriage by which she was standing, but hurriedly she drew him away. Before he had time to seek an explanation the train was moving.

"Let the old train go without us," said Marion, looking at him with a queer smile.

"Right-o," he agreed. He was obviously bewildered, but tried not to show it. Ever since he had first encountered Marion that day he had determined to waste no time imagining, or endeavouring to solve, problems, but to take whatever Fate deigned to offer him. More than once he felt positive that Marion was battling with a secret trouble, but his part, he was confident, was rather to keep her to a steady mean of cheerfulness than to seek confidences or make some clumsy attempt to rally her. So now he followed the same course and endeavoured to accept her conduct as though it had in it not the slightest element of surprise; to acquiesce in her mood without question, spoken or unspoken.

"Let us have some lunch here," she said, as they were leaving the station, "and catch a later train—or walk. Do you mind?"

"Rather not," said Bernard. "If you're good for another seven miles. . . . I'll tell you what. We'll have lunch, and after that hire a trap and drive back to Pannesley."

"That would be great fun," she agreed.

She gave him a smile that had no apparent tinge of care in it.

They had lunch in a pleasant coffee-room of an old-fashioned inn, through the open windows of which came the sleepy sounds of slow-moving country traffic and the murmurs of broad country dialect. Marion's thoughts turned a good deal on Hurstleigh, but she was astonished to find, since the first shock had passed, how little his ghost

disturbed her. Without pain she could even feel a mild tenderness for this black sheep in whom there was so blatant a mixture of the common thief and the chivalrous gentleman. For his disreputable trickery she forgave him the more freely because he had so completely lost caste. It was not Hurstleigh who had tricked her, and it was Hurstleigh to whom she had promised herself. Hurstleigh had passed out of existence, or he had never been born. She was free! Somebody, in Hurstleigh's name, had released her from that promise. He had given her back her life—and a maxim with it! And laughing, actually laughing, she felt that she could not resent this crowning piece of impudence. She believed that she would never be proud again, and never reckless; never proud enough, that is to say, to spurn a true man's love for the glittering counterfeit, nor reckless enough to exchange the comfort and assurance of it for the wide open field, be the wrangle taggle gipsies never so alluring—for they were devils." That was the advice of her false lover, and her own heart endorsed it.

The drive to the Hall, through the glow of a golden autumn afternoon, was the most soothing experience of Marion's life. She felt like a ship that had come into haven from a wild night on a tempestuous sea. She smiled to herself to think how prosaic had been the details contributing to her new happiness, how utterly unromantic had been Bernard's conduct in circumstances that might have lent themselves to such heroic treatment. All she knew was that a fine substantial friendship bound her to the man who, whip in hand, sat beside her, and that the two of them had just arranged that this friendship should continue and be unbreakable and eternal and sure.

And when, in due course, they arrived at the Hall it was to give the Pannesleys and their guests news that did much to calm the ruffled waters and make the last evening a happy remembrance for all sympathetic match-making souls.

"Has he proposed?" asked Major Mutchie, in that loud voice of his, bursting in upon the ladies.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed, when the Dowager had told him. "I must go and chaff old Harting."

"Isn't it all too romantic!" exclaimed Lady Marjorie with plaintive enthusiasm.

The Romance of the Road

by
**Harold J.
Shepstone**
F.R.G.S.

The Khyber Pass and Afghanistan have been to the front of late, and one wonders when peace will really reign in this turbulent quarter of the globe. Mr. Shepstone tells the romantic story of this great highway, and what it means to the Empire

IT can rightly be said that no highway the world over has been the scene of such daring, chivalry, tragedy and treachery, and is so important strategically and commercially, as the Khyber Pass that winds its way between the mighty mountain ranges that separate Afghanistan from India. It is at once one of the world's great roads, but unlike all other historic arteries of communication has remained virtually unchanged. It is the same now as it was two thousand years ago. Yet, if the Khyber Pass had been in this country, or even in Europe, it would long before now have been penetrated by railways, dotted with hotels, and filled annually with tourists.

The Gate of the Empire

When it is remembered that we have been concerned with the Khyber ever since our occupation of India, and that Afghanistan, to which it gives access, is virtually an ally of Great Britain, it does seem strange that nothing should have been done to improve and facilitate traffic over this historic highway. We have always favoured an independent Afghanistan, and by existing

treaties its ruler cannot enter into relations with any foreign Power without our consent, and for this consideration we are bound to render its Ameer assistance should his country be attacked by any other Power.

Yet, to-day, it is the least visited of all countries, excepting perhaps Tibet. This is because there is only one road from India into it, and to traverse it the traveller must first obtain a permit from the Indian Government and also one from the authorities at Kabul, the capital, saying his presence in the country is desired. Then an escort must accompany the traveller over the pass, for fear of robbery by the rough men of the mountains. It is a difficult country to enter and equally as difficult to leave. Its Ameer once sent for an English engineer. He decided to spend two years in the country, but the Ameer kept him eight.

Roads Wanted

What Afghanistan wants is not so much a more stable government as roads and railways—pioneers of civilisation—and a general uplifting of its people. Up till the present, however, Afghanistan has not been ripe for

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A Troop of Indian Soldiers
entering the Khyber Pass

Photo:
Underwood & Underwood

such development, but most statesmen are now agreed that the present disturbance will result in the opening up of this comparatively little known quarter of the globe. It is essential for the peace of the East and the world at large that efforts should now be made to uplift and enlighten the mountain races of this turbulent country, people who possess wonderful qualities of character if they can be guided aright. There is now in this country a young Afghan medical student, Ikbal Ali Shah, who has come all the way from Afghanistan and is passing through our universities for the sole purpose of founding hospitals and medical institutions in his own country. He is studying our Western methods and enterprises with a view to their being emulated in his own land.

A Narrow Opening

The approach to this great country—for Afghanistan is more than twice the area of the United Kingdom—which is crying out for doctors, teachers, engineers and the heralds of peace and goodwill, is through

a narrow opening in two mountain ranges, which from ancient times has been the route of mighty armies and the scene of fighting. When our troops pushed their way through the Khyber the other month they must have recalled the marches of previous British armies through this dangerous mountain defile. There is the sad tale of General Elphinstone's little army in 1842, whom the Afghans had sworn to see safely leave the country. Treacherous mountain tribesmen surrounded them in a little pass not more than forty feet wide, and from the heights above shot them down and hurled stones upon them. The spot is pointed out as you journey to Kabul, and

is appropriately named the "Pass of the Valley of the Shadow of Death." The survivors of this massacre perished of cold and want, except three, two of these being subsequently murdered. Only one, Dr. Brydon, escaped to tell the awful tale.

The Khyber Pass has been well named "The Gate of India," and from the earliest days has been acknowledged as the key of the adjacent regions in either direction. Control the Khyber and you control the Afghans and the hill tribesmen that dwell on the mountain borders here. As you traverse it to-day and gaze up at the heights that pierce the skyline a thousand and more feet above the rough roadway, you think of the conquering armies from the West that swept through it. There was Nadir Shah, the Persian monarch, who swooped down on India with his destroying legions in 1739, and returned through the Khyber, after sacking Delhi, with a booty estimated at thirty-two millions sterling and the great Koh-i-noor diamond.

But long before Nadir Shah's day, in 327 B.C., another army wound down the

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Khyber, fair Greeks and Macedonians, led by Alexander the Great. Earlier still, before Mohammedanism or Christianity were thought of, Tartars, Persians and Afghans trooped down to their conquests and plunder in India, intermingled with caravans of traders and religious pilgrims from Tibet, Tartary, China and Siberia, on their way to worship at the holy places of Buddhism. Farther back still there is a misty outline of an invasion by an army of Darius, the King of Persia.

There has never been any tide of conquest and emigration out of India. What has gone out, and particularly by this pass, was wealth immeasurable and inconceivable, and one religion: a wealth over which nations have squabbled from time immemorial; a religion which once influenced millions, and which is now in

that last drear mood
Of envious sloth and proud decrepitude,
While . . . whining for dead gods that
cannot save,

The toothless systems shiver to their grave.

And it is by this pass that Western civilisation and Christian influence will be carried into Afghanistan and to the wild tribes in the surrounding mountains.

The starting point for the pass is Peshawar, a frontier town, lying some ten miles from the mountain highway. It is at present civilisation's jumping-off place for the primitive mountainous country beyond. Here the railway from Lahore stops, and two miles beyond the city are the cantonments, known to many a British soldier, for a strong force is always maintained here. With its quaint bazaars it is a typical Indian city and a busy trading centre, for this is the rendezvous of the camel caravans that carry the trade goods into and out of Afghanistan.

The pass, which is merely the bed of a

narrow watercourse, is thirty-three miles in length, and winds in a north-westerly direction between the spurs of two enclosing ranges of mountains. It varies in width from a hundred and fifty yards to twenty, though in one place it is only ten feet wide. The mountains on either side are in many places perpendicular walls of smooth rock, and can be climbed only in a few places; they vary in height from 1,400 to 3,370 feet. Over the roughest part of the ground artillery has to be dragged by men.

Although caravans laden with all kinds of merchandise are always passing through the Khyber, no European can make the journey without official sanction and an escort of troops. The traveller is conducted as far as Londi-Khonda—where is the famous Fort of Ali Musjid—by a British guard, where he is handed over to an Afghan escort. The distance between Peshawar and Kabul is about two hundred miles, but the road is so steep and rough that camel caravans take from ten to twelve days on the journey. The ordinary traveller, if well mounted, accomplishes the distance in five or six



"Ali Musjid," the Grave of a Traveller killed in the Pass

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Topical

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days. On two or three occasions powerful motor-cars have done the distance in a couple of days.

When the Iron Horse Comes

To make the highway serviceable to motor traffic an immense amount of work would have to be done in clearing away the huge boulders which cover the track, reducing corners and building a smoother road. Some day, and probably sooner than many of us expect, a railway will traverse the pass. The conquest of the Himalayas, the Alps, the Rockies and the Andes by an iron road have shown that the difficulties are not insurmountable. Mr. Ikbal -Ali Shah has made a study of the mountain railways in Italy, and is not only convinced of the feasibility of such an undertaking, but anxious for it to be done. Afghanistan has not a single mile of railway and only a few hundred miles of roads. If Kabul was connected with India by an iron road the products of an immense region would at once be tapped. Huge quantities of Eastern carpets, shawls, spices, cereals, fruits and nuts would pour down to Peshawar for distribution to the outside world. There is nothing like a railway for developing trade and bringing different races into contact with one another. Bring the mountain tribes here into close touch with the world, and jealousies and misunderstandings would disappear.

A Rough Way

Leaving Peshawar one strikes across the plain to a V-shaped opening in the mountains. At the fort here one picks up the Sepoy escort and commences the long climb up the pass. It is certainly a rough road, threading its way through the ever-rising mountains. The path lays sometimes far above you, sometimes below, as the case might be, making its way between high precipices and overhanging cliffs, and twisting round corners which call for skilful handling of the reins and a sure-footed beast of burden. One does not travel far without meeting passing caravans, whole families of Kabulese, with their shaggy Bokhara camels and heavily laden saddle-bags full of carpets, spices and various Eastern merchandise. Here and there the roadway narrows with deep precipices on either side, and one has to use caution in passing the loaded camels.

Above tower unscalable mountains, on the summits of which may be detected, here and there, crude forts, graphic reminders of the strife which has been witnessed here.

So one journeys on to Fort Ali Musjid, crowning what looks like a steeply sloping, squat cone of a hill in the middle of the pass, with the main line of hills on either side. Here one wishes the British officer and his native troops good-bye, and from here onwards is escorted by Afghan soldiers—rough, picturesque fellows, but always courteous to the traveller visiting their country. For the most part the mountains are bare, though occasionally slopes are seen clothed with stunted vegetation. The scenery is grand and wild. Quaint villages are passed, while at every seven miles is a caravanseraï where travellers can obtain food and shelter.

Into Afghanistan

Crossing over some exceedingly rough country, evidently of volcanic origin, one enters the valley of Kabul, and at last the capital of Afghanistan comes into view. Six miles from the city is the Government police station, outside of which no one is allowed to go without a road pass. For an Afghan to leave his country without this pass is a capital crime, and is punishable by death.

Possessing no seaboard, and shut in by a wilderness of lofty mountains on the east and west and the sparsely-inhabited plains of Persia on the west, the Afghans have been preserved from European and even Indian influences. They are essentially a race of hardy, warlike mountaineers, possessed of virtues such as none save a race of fighters can boast. The one aim of all Afghans is to enter the services of the Ameer as a soldier or an officer. Compulsory military service is the common law for all, and though only a certain proportion are chosen by ballot, every man awaits with pleasure the time when he may be called up.

Even before this period the youths are vigorously trained in warlike arts. Tent-pegging, lemon-slicing from a galloping horse, are the proper accomplishments of every Afghan. Before he can claim to be a horseman he must ride barebacked and without reins, and at certain festivals horse-racing is carried on in this fashion. Boys handle firearms from the age of eight, and there is a ceremony connected with the

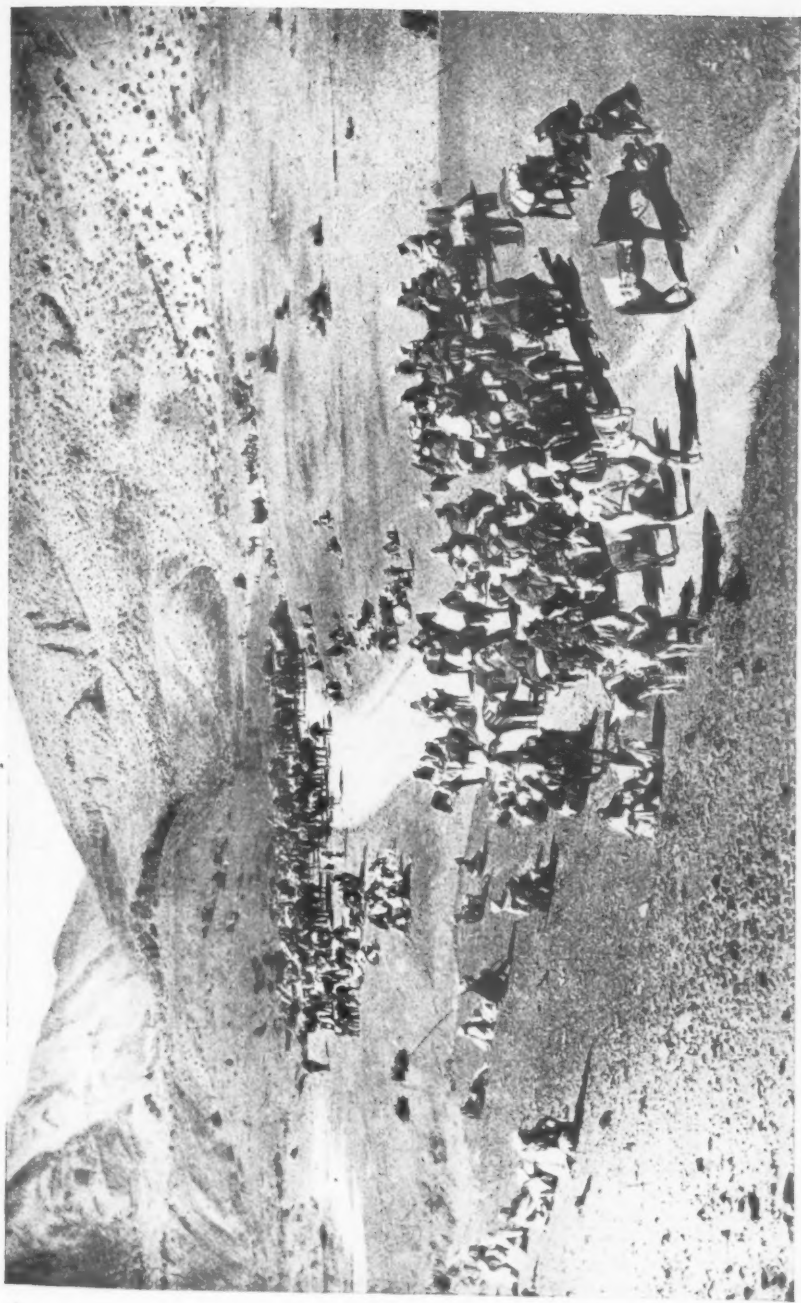


Photo: Beane & Shepherd

A Caravan in the Khyber Pass

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occasion. Near relations are invited by the father of the boy, and in front of this gathering the nerve of the child is tested. A small coin heaped with gunpowder is placed on his palm and the powder ignited. If he neither blinks nor winces at the explosion he is reckoned fit to carry arms. The initiation ceremony is completed by a feast.

Regarding matters affecting their honour, as might be expected in such a warlike community, the Afghan is ready to find a quarrel in a straw, and family feuds are long and bitter, often ending in bloodshed. On the other hand, hospitality to all strangers is strongly observed; even an enemy who comes to the door seeking refuge is received with every kindness and protected from harm.

How Prosperity Came

It can truthfully be said that Afghanistan owes its present prosperity—for it is by no means a poverty-stricken land—to Abdur Rahman Khan, grandfather of the present ruler. He was a child of fortune, and as such experienced her frowns as well as her smiles. He was born in 1844. He contested the throne against his uncle, Ameer Sher Ali, and, having been defeated, went to Turkestan, where he spent ten years in exile. On the death of his uncle in 1876, he fought his way to Kabul, and was proclaimed King in 1880. He died in 1901. Abdur Rahman was a man of rare ability, and the rapid transition of the country from chronic disorder to peaceful and law-abiding habits was due to his iron will. This he accomplished by his restless punishment of wrongdoers, to whom his very name carried terror. In cases of theft, the arm by which the article was lifted was cut off; for milder punishments a warlike people like the Afghans cared little.

Racially the population of Afghanistan is somewhat mixed, being composed of Afghans, Tartars, Hindus and Persians. The common dialect of the people is Pashoo, while the upper classes speak Persian, which is also the Court language. Among the educated class are the Kizilbash, who act mainly as clerks in the Government offices. The Jews and Hindus are the moneylenders, and share the unpopularity generally attributed to the calling.

The national religion is Mohammedanism. Although by their creed a Mussulman may

have four wives, ninety-nine Afghans out of a hundred never take more than one. Should a man desire to marry a second wife, he must appear before the Kazi and produce evidence to the satisfaction of the latter, who has often rather searching questions to put. In general, the polygamist is looked down upon by the better classes. All matters relating to matrimony are arranged by the parents, and the marriageable age is usually twenty for the bridegroom and eighteen for the bride. The women in appearance are tall and robust, with fair complexions, and the majority can ride and shoot.

The winter evenings are spent at home round a *sundlee*, where the whole family sits while the elders relate tales of past war or feud. This *sundlee* is an arrangement quite peculiar to Afghanistan. A low table is placed in the middle of the room, and under it a brazier of glowing charcoal. A quilt and blanket are thrown over the table, sufficiently large to reach almost to the walls. Cushions are placed on the floor and bolsters are placed against the walls; on these the company sit, their legs under the quilt. Snow lies deep on the roads and streets, which in many places are impassable for all but pedestrians, and the Kabul River freezes. Then the people wear *posleens*, or coats with fur both inside and out.

Summer is reckoned to begin from the *Jibbi* festival, a kind of fair, in the last week of March. At midsummer the weather is as mild as in the south of England, and the fruit growers invite parties to spend a day in their orchards, where all are welcome to eat or carry off as much fruit as they like. Summer is a busy time, for corn ripens in the Kabul district about June or July, while at Jelalabad, to the east of Kabul, it is much earlier. At this place the summers are hot and the winters mild. In Kabul the summer evenings are spent in the orchards or on the river banks, where the youths play the flute, harp and tambourine, or perform sword dances, while the older men walk to and fro along the bank.

In spite of its proximity to India, Afghanistan is by no means a hot country. On the contrary, the north is colder than Scotland. Mountains are everywhere, with numerous streams and abundant vegetation. Apricots grow wild, and to procure a plentiful supply one has merely to climb a

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tree anywhere and shake its branches. Mulberry trees, pomegranates, grapes, melons and walnuts abound, and an orchard of a hundred acres is a modest property. Wheat is widely grown, but rice only at Hgazni. The sheep are of the "fat-tailed" variety. The chief exports are raw hides, wool, and dried fruits, and these go mostly to India and Turkestan. No wine is made, and wine drinking is prohibited, offenders being severely dealt with.

When Habibullah Khan, who was shot while in camp at Laghman on February 20th last, came to the throne in 1901, he found a kingdom already reduced to submission and obedience to the Government, and as a consequence his reign was not interrupted by wars or serious disturbances. Not having been exposed to the same ups and downs as his father, he had more leisure to devote himself to furthering the welfare of his people. He introduced many modern innovations—political, educational and industrial.

He was responsible for the system of carrying on all Government work in public offices; formerly all officials transacted their duties at their private residences. Bribery, a great evil during previous reigns, was completely stamped out, and finance was established on a proper basis.

The Late Ameer

In appearance the late Ameer was a short, thick-set man, with a heavy, severe face, and a bushy black beard, but his complexion was fair, as is common among the Kabulese. He stammered in his speech, and suffered somewhat from sciatica and lumbago. These are said to be Royal maladies, and whichever member of the Royal Family develops them is destined to become the future Ameer.



A Precipitous Climb

Photo: Newspaper Illustr., Ltd.

Troops advancing under difficulties in the neighbourhood of Khyber

Habibullah Khan was a keen hunter and a crack shot. The Kabul River marshes were his favourite spots for wild-duck shooting. Here also he indulged in fishing, and Court etiquette forbids that anyone should land a fish before the Ameer.

When the late Ameer died he was succeeded by his eldest son, who, a few weeks later, waived his rights in favour of his uncle. He in turn has submitted to Admannullah, the third son of the late Ameer. But when the right man is again in power we ought to remember the unique position and conditions of this strange mountainous country, and afford her every opportunity of development for her own sake as well as for the peace of the world at large.



" 'You have,' said the solicitor, 'certain documentary matter which looks like distinct evidence' "—p. 883

*Designed by
John Campbell*

Life's Fragrances

A Story of Married Life

By

H. Faure

MASTERTON got out of a taxi just as a telegraph boy clattered up the steps of his house in Rayland Square, S.W., and, with the joy of his kind, proceeded to put his finger on the bell-push and keep it there. Griggs, the butler, opened the door with the air of a martyr, unable to suffer boy fools gladly. His master took the telegram from the slightly disconcerted boy—for whom should it be if not for him?—and opened it. He read it standing on the steps; the boy quite uninterested in Masterton, but grinning delightedly at Griggs of the grand air.

"A reg'lar stuffed 'un; couldn't yell if it was ever so!"

At the moment the practice of a good American yell was much in favour.

Without speaking, Masterton entered the house, crossed the hall to his study and closed the door.

"No answer," said Griggs, and very quickly closed another door.

No answer! He looked at the door of the study and decided not to follow his master.

The book-lined room was very quiet save for the persistent click of a secretary's typewriter in an adjoining room, the door of which stood open. Masterton shut the door, read and reread the telegram. There were no eyes to watch his face, note how

the lines deepened, making him look old and haggard.

He examined the envelope which had held the message.

Mrs. Masterton!

At six o'clock he had left the House because Winterton Carey was on his legs. Members flocked in, but Masterton went on. Carey! His fag at Eton, a talkative braggart then, and in the opinion of Masterton the same still. That such a windbag should have power!

So occupied had he been in the cab with the thought of Carey's shortcomings, that it was only as he approached his house he remembered, with a feeling of injury, that his wife was away.

Mrs. Henry Masterton!

In June, 1918, he married, at the age of forty-eight, Eleanor Denster, not quite twenty-eight.

He met her at Standish House, where she was staying after illness. She had been ill through over-work, and a charming hostess was taking care of her. Lady Standish was a person of warm enthusiasms.

When Masterton talked to Eleanor, he suddenly discovered that he was a lonely man and wished he could always turn for sympathy to such a splendid and attentive listener. She was small, charmingly dainty in appearance, low-voiced and shy, too—such a rare thing! Yes, shy and gentle.

He married, and then fell very deeply in love.

And now the telegram—

"Same time, same place.—CAREY."

Forty-eight years of age? Masterton, with the telegram in his hand, looked sixty.

"Same time, same place.—Carey." And addressed to Mrs. Masterton.

Two days before, Eleanor had phoned her husband, in Committee at the House, that she must go at once to Bridgnorth. The aunt who had brought her up was ill, needed her.

"Same time, same place.—Carey."

With quick, jerky movements, Masterton locked envelope and flimsy paper away. He stood by his desk, a still and very tragic figure. Presently he was conscious of a familiar sound—a knock on the door he had closed to shut out the sound of a typewriter. His most excellent secretary, a slim, dark woman, who wore eyeglasses,

came in with some typed papers in her hand.

"These are finished, and I thought you would like to have them. The references you wanted are on the loose sheet."

He believed that he said "Thank you, Miss King," in his ordinary voice.

The secretary considered him.

"Are you ill, Mr. Masterton? Is there anything I may do?"

"I am quite well, thank you. Tired, perhaps. Thank you."

He picked up the papers, placed them on his desk, but he glanced at them quite vaguely.

Miss King hesitated; what should she do? Mr. Masterton was undoubtedly ill or in great trouble. She moved slowly towards the door, and then his voice checked her.

"Ah, yes; the references—exactly what I needed."

Again the capable secretary looked at him and quietly closed the door between the two rooms. Before her departure she spoke to Griggs, of whom she highly approved.

"I believe Mr. Masterton is ill or very much troubled about something. There can't be any bad news of Mrs. Masterton?"

Griggs said there had been a telegram, and after reading it his master had gone straight to the study. The secretary sighed and departed; if she returned to the study and offered help of any kind, Mr. Masterton would be astounded—yes, quite as amazed as if the typewriter had advanced with a suggestion of service.

Masterton ate scarcely any dinner. Ill? Of course he was not ill. He returned to his study, sat down at his desk, drew paper towards him, picked up a pen, only to feel incapable of writing a word. He pushed back the chair and went upstairs to his wife's bedroom, shut the door and locked it, switched on many lights.

Everything spoke of his wife, reminded him of the infinite care with which he had ordered the furnishings for the charming room. He trembled as he looked about him. Her room! He passed on to her special sitting-room—for Eleanor was a woman of affairs—and in it was chiefly conscious of a writing-table with closed drawers. His fingers shook as he tried the drawers; they were locked. A key of his own, the third he tried, opened the drawers.

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Letters—notebooks—accounts, but nothing from Carey.

He re-locked the drawers, feeling guilty, as if he, Henry Masterton, were a thief and a coward. But a husband—a husband—

He returned to the bedroom, walking furtively. A small bureau was not locked, and it contained nothing of importance. Where was her jewel-case? Ah, of course, locked and in his safe. He opened drawers containing his wife's dainty personal possessions, his face crimsoning and paling.

A table stood by her bed, an electric reading-lamp on it. Two of three delicately bound books; Eleanor loved poetry—a pretty habit this. He remembered choosing the table with its two deep drawers—long drawers. Neither of these was locked.

At the very back of the second drawer he found two notes, two telegrams.

He must read them—he would read them. The room was brilliantly lighted, but he could not see, at first, a single word, only the signature—*Winterton Carey*.

It was a husband's duty, his right, to read.

"I meant every word I said. I never say what I do not mean. I wonder what your husband will say when you tell him, as assuredly you will and must. Always at your service.—WINTERTON CAREY."

"At your service!" Was this a lover's signature? Carey, the clever windbag, prided himself on his phrases.

The second note:

"Yes, I think you are right. It may be better to wait until things straighten out. I believe they must in six months. If occasion arises, we can arrange to meet and go carefully through all you have placed in my hands. There can be no harm in careful, meticulously careful arranging—my share."

And the telegrams: "*Same time, same place.*" The words echoed and re-echoed through Masterton's dazed brain.

Winterton Carey!

Sleep? The night was torture. The husband made repeated journeys to a wife's room, that quiet fragrantly scented room, to open a drawer and replace papers taken from it, only to return again and go away with them in his hand.

When the day came, the longest and saddest of his life, he was careful, more than

careful, that no one should guess anything, detect alteration in his manner.

He told Griggs that Mr. Kinlake, his solicitor, would call probably between the hours of six and seven. He was returning from the country, and Mr. Masterton, very much occupied, desired not to be disturbed by anyone or anything else.

Who could guess that he was troubled?

Certainly not Miss King. He did not go on with some dictating which up to yesterday had progressed so well, but he assigned a good reason, a most excellent reason: it was necessary for his secretary to go to the British Museum to verify a quotation from a rare volume. There was another matter on which he asked for notes.

Then old Mr. Kinlake came—not the active, clever son. Old Mr. Kinlake! Arrived much earlier than Masterton expected. It was not very easy to tell a wise man, with shrewd but very kind eyes, that divorce proceedings were to be instituted against the wife married so recently. It was not easy to speak. Things seemed to be forcing Masterton to rapidity of action and swift decision, but it was impossible not to remember the joy and pride with which, so short a time ago, he had given instructions for a marriage settlement. Then his statement of finding letters in an unlocked drawer, two letters and two telegrams, showed that there had been search, unauthorised search.

What had Mrs. Masterton to say as to this charge of unfaithfulness?

That was Kinlake's first question.

To say? Masterton pointed to the papers. To say! Was there not sufficient proof?

Kinlake admitted the curious character of the papers handed to him. Yes, they were undoubtedly strange, especially as Masterton had no knowledge of any acquaintance or friendship between Winterton Carey and—and—his wife.

The solicitor rubbed the tips of the fingers of his right hand up and down the palm of his left. Masterton was a client for whom he had liking and respect. Mrs. Masterton he had seen three times, and in her presence had found himself remembering what he called life's fragrant things. He glanced sadly at the letters, kept in an unlocked drawer of the table that stood by her bed,

and which held, too, the books she loved best.

His eyes travelled from the papers to Masterton's strong-featured lean face, to the powerful figure. Had a delicate, lonely woman married him, not for love, but because she wanted a home?

Winterton Carey had a strong appeal for women. They admired his meteoric success, first as a writer and then, entering political life, becoming a Minister at the age of forty-two. There were those who called him unscrupulous, determined to be in the seats of the powerful and careless how he mounted the steps. But Kinlake had faith in Carey. Though Masterton hated him, he would never strike a blow which would ruin him unless the cause was all-compelling.

Masterton did not resent Kinlake's slow, reluctant manner; after all, he was glad the old man had come himself—really glad.

"You have," said the solicitor at length, "certain documentary matter which looks like distinct evidence. But, if I may, I should like to counsel, to suggest, your habitual restrained dignity of action, Mr. Masterton. Do nothing, shall we say, for one week? I can make, without recourse to detectives, certain inquiries. When does Mrs. Masterton return?"

The answer came sharply:

"Never. I do not propose to—to——"

The sentence was not completed.

"I have had the honour," said Kinlake, "of meeting Mrs. Masterton. I feel that I must risk your momentary anger by saying that I am sure she is a sweet-minded woman. I am certain of it. I know, even as you give me instructions, you must remember, and with pain, all that her coming has meant to this house. Allow me to see Mrs. Masterton and——" Kinlake paused. "Or journey to Bridgnorth yourself and see her. You cannot connect a guilty intrigue with a woman like your wife. A pure and fragrant spirit. It is the realisation of her delicate charm which makes your soul sicken with the possibility of evil. Our connection has been a happy one. I dare not, will not hurt you by saying any more now, but allow me to come to-morrow evening and hear if you have not found some—some—solution."

Masterton did not immediately answer.

When he spoke, there was no anger in his voice—only pain.

"And, meanwhile, you propose to communicate with my wife yourself?"

"No. I shall not speak of this to any human being, and certainly not to Mrs. Masterton. Let me come to-morrow—shall we say six? Yes, yes, I prefer to come. What does a little personal fatigue matter in face of this? I love the fragrances; it is all an old man has left."

"At six o'clock to-morrow evening, then," said Masterton. "Will you stay and dine with me?"

"Thank you, no, not to-night. If Griggs will call me a taxi I will go. And—and—put these papers away, lock them up, but don't look at them again until I come."

They shook hands; Kinlake opened the door, moved out into the hall. Masterton remained standing by his writing-table. Then, with a start of compunction, he went also into the hall. By this time Kinlake and the butler were standing at the head of the steps. He followed them.

"Don't stand here in the cold. Griggs will——"

"A man is coming, Mr. Masterton. Griggs called to him as he went by, he has only to put down a fare. Ah! here he comes."

Masterton returned to his study, shut the door, and with slow steps went to his desk. He would lock away the papers, put them out of sight for twenty-four hours, keep his mind from the suggestion of evil.

The papers were not there! Everything else was exactly as he had left it, but the papers had completely disappeared. Frowningly he looked about him. No one had entered the room by the door through which he had passed—he would have seen and heard. There remained the door leading into Miss King's room.

His secretary had left that day at four o'clock; during one of his miserable paces of the floor he had watched her trim figure pass out of sight. The room was dark, tenantless; the door leading into the back of the hall shut. He switched on lights and looked about him.

Back in his own room he puzzled over this disconcerting occurrence. The papers must have been taken, but by whom?

Some person in the household, who knew and was on the watch?

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Then Griggs came in with a question about dinner. His master told him that certain papers about which he had been consulting Mr. Kinlake had mysteriously disappeared.

Griggs looked amazed; he went quickly into Miss King's room, and from there descended to the basement, only to return with the information that no servant had been in this part of the house. The butler and the parlourmaid went from room to room. Papers had been taken from the study!

Papers? What kind of papers? And Griggs could only answer, "Papers."

Masterton did not sleep at all; sleep was impossible. When morning came he determined to follow his usual course, keep his engagements. What should he do if there were a letter from his wife? Since her departure he had only received one. But there was no letter. Where was she? The sinister, horrible thought tormented him: keeping that appointment with Winterton Carey? Would they have discussed the danger of that delivered telegram? For Eleanor, his wife, would have told of her departure from home, by post, telegram, or 'phone.

Mrs. Masterton!

Miss King received her employer's instructions and attended to his correspondence in her capable, businesslike fashion. He had once said to his wife that he did not believe his secretary could show surprise or even pleasure. She was a marvellous machine—a dependable thinking machine. Through the war she had maintained her quiet outlook on life, showing none of the anxiety which other people could not conceal. But she worked hard, helped where she could.

The day passed slowly; at six o'clock Kinlake would come again. Six o'clock!

Just before five Masterton went into his study, cosy with the glow of firelight. Miss King had left five minutes before, so Griggs informed him. This capable lady invariably ignored any suggestion that one day a week she should consider herself free after two o'clock. There was always something of interest to finish, and Masterton usually found proofs of her industry on his desk.

There was no one to listen to his restless, miserable pacings. He tried to avoid looking at one chintz-covered arm-chair, differ-

ing from the sober leather-covered furnishings, set in the cosiest angle near the fire. It was Eleanor's chair; there she sat and listened, with perfect sympathy, made gentle suggestions too.

The chair must go.

He put his hand on it, pushed it rather roughly to one side, and there saw, below the pleated edging, a small, dainty pair of grey suede shoes with silver buckles. Shoes he had purchased for Eleanor—just after their honeymoon—in a Bond Street shop, and he, Henry Masterton, had insisted on carrying them home and making his wife wear them at once in his study. He had put them on.

But how had the shoes come there? The carelessness of a maid? Did it mean that, somewhere, Eleanor herself was in the house, planning feeble feminine wiles with which to make him remember and yet forget?

He picked up the shoes—her shoes. What had Kinlake said about life's fragrances? Life's fragrances! If he were never to see Eleanor's feet, wearing those shoes, moving about his house. Never! He shivered.

To live there, always alone, immersed in affairs, working, working, a grey life without a touch of sweetness!

The door opened, and Eleanor, in hat and coat, came quickly in. And he, the strong man, could not move or even find words.

"You did not come to meet me, dear, though I wired. Why, what is it? You are ill! 'Why didn't they tell me? Henry!'"

Words! He had never been at a loss for words. What should he say?

"Why are you here?"

Was it his voice? It sounded strange in his own ears.

"Something is troubling you, dear," she said gently. "Tell me!"

She took her hand from his arm and seated herself in the chair where he had always loved to see her and listened while he told her in passionate language the story of her perfidy, her wrongdoing.

When she spoke her voice was as soft and sweet as the waking of a summer breeze after a furious thunder-storm.

"Dear! I wish I had told you. You have stumbled on a little secret. For years I have been writing poetry, publishing little things from time to time in papers and magazines, accumulating much



"He just knelt down and laid his tired,
aching head on his wife's lap"—p. 886

«Drawn by
John Campbell

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material. I—I—could not feel sure I had a real gift. I sent a selection to Winterton Carey before our marriage. He was ill; the packet was not opened. And then, one day, I heard; he said—said that it was very good. I saw him at the offices of the *Imperial*, the new quarterly. He asked for more work. Then, when his verdict was given, I hesitated. He wanted me to tell you. I—wavered; then he agreed with me that until the war was over publication should be delayed. I did not know what you would say. Your work is abstruse, clever, and I—I—just try to sing songs about fragrant things."

Fragrances! Life's fragrances.

Masterton ceased to be a wise man; he just knelt down and laid his tired, aching head on his wife's lap. And she was very tender with him.

Presently they went together to her room, and he shamefacedly spoke of his search, the discovery, his talk with Kinlake, the loss of the papers.

Eleanor went to the table by the bed, opened the second drawer, and drew out the little packet.

The papers actually there! Masterton, a practical man, looked and felt amazed. His wife smiled caressingly.

"Dear, shall all that has happened just be an evil dream? A dream that has passed. Do not let us think or speak of it. And, if you wish, not one line of my poetry shall ever appear, I—"

Swiftly he interrupted her.

"Don't—don't even for a moment think that of me. I shall be so proud of your words—words as fragrant as your thoughts. Forgive me!"

Mr. Kinlake waited alone in the study;

then husband and wife came in together. Mrs. Masterton insisted he must dine.

"Yes, please! It is to be a little festival dinner. I have been away, you know. There is no place like home."

They were very happy over dinner. Fragrances! The room was sweet with them.

A wife never said one word of actual thanks to an old man, but her eyes, and the way in which she spoke to him, revealed just what she felt.

But to one person she did use words—words which carried a glow with them. She spoke them holding another woman's hands, and received answer:

"I was so afraid; I did not know what to do. I realised that the distress came through a telegram, and then there were others—papers and telegrams, which Mr. Masterton pushed into a drawer whenever I entered the study. Griggs told me Mr. Kinlake was coming. I returned here, crept into this room, and heard only Mr. Kinlake urging that *papers* should be put away. I went into the study and took them. You have been so sweet to me—made my life very different. So I wired to you—'Come home.' It is sweet of you to forgive my blundering ways. And I put those special shoes there—you had told me their story—that they—they might prepare the way when I could not."

"Blundering ways! Full of kindness and tenderness. I shall owe it to you that I can go on trying to sing and to make people think of the lovely things, remember before it is too late. If Henry had shut me out I should have tried to batter a way home and just lost heart. So I love you, dear!"

And unemotional, capable Miss King was very happy.



The Street of Breaking Hearts

A Warning to Stage
Aspirants

By Stanhope W. Sprigg

For many years the writer of this article has been in close touch with the English stage, for some years acting as dramatic critic on a well-known daily newspaper. He can therefore be relied upon as one who knows the truth about life in the dramatic profession. He feels he ought to tell the plain, unvarnished story of "The Street of Breaking Hearts," and give a picture of what it means to-day to many hundreds of silly, stage-struck girls

THERE is a well-known street in London which actors and actresses walk up and down and know that if the stars are propitious they will, sooner or later, meet most of their friends. That is the Strand. People unacquainted with stage life might at first sight imagine that members of the theatrical profession go thither because their ways are sociable, and because they are loath to lose touch with faces that melted into friendliness on some long or distant tour through the provinces or across South Africa or Australia. Wise observers, however, know that that is not the whole secret of the Strand.

The fact is, around the Strand are grouped most of the offices of theatrical agents and managers. Engagements in the dramatic profession are oftentimes sudden and intolerably brief, and so the vast majority of actors and actresses have to be continually moving about amongst their possible employers. And invariably their way in search of work carries them along the crowded pavements of the Strand. They admit, however, with a smile, that they always find it good to meet acquaintances that they made many years earlier, for actors and actresses have kind hearts, and, to a friend in need, are ever quick to tell what they know about new ventures, possible changes in companies, or the best agent to seek at any particular crisis in a career.

A Dark and Shabby Street

This sounds Bohemian and free, and eminently attractive—and indeed any writer

would be foolish if he denied that the wide camaraderie of the stage does possess, in many respects, a wholesome fascination for boys and girls with that sensitive and responsive nature of the artist, which is so prone to see shadows climbing up the walls, and so eager to sweep forward under gracious influences on wings of rose-tipped hope. Parallel with the Strand, however, runs another theatrical street—"The Street of Breaking Hearts." This dark and narrow and shabby thoroughfare unfortunately is known to few outside the theatrical profession, but it is quite real and deplorably matter-of-fact.

Any day you may walk along it, and see actors and actresses pacing through it with care-lined faces. A few—very few—are going to a little rehearsal theatre that opens its portals upon it. The vast majority of pedestrians are the stage favourites who are "resting"—men and women who have given the best years of their youth to the theatre, and now have to wait month after month, year after year, for an engagement that seldom, if ever, comes to them. For this is the real tragedy of stage life. It constitutes a veritable Moloch of Youth.

Under the Glamour of the Footlights

When you are young and careless, and tie-free, it will fling you a few crumbs, for it knows its young votaries do not value money, and, under the glamour of the footlights, will laugh at starvation. But once you reach years of discretion it does not seem to need you. Its face is ever towards

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the eager, passionate, self-willed boys and girls who clamour continuously for admittance to its portals—and so the vast new raw army of recruits is ever pushing the men and women of experience into this "Street of Breaking Hearts," to watch and wait till clothes hang threadbare, hope dies feebly, and they taste all the bitterness of defeat and failure.

The cruellest legacy of a career on the stage is the knowledge that "once an actress—always an actress." You cannot get the fever of the theatre out of your blood. An actor will realise the foolishness of the stage as a means of earning bread and butter, and, with the help of relatives or friends, will launch into a safe and profitable business. Soon he will return. His life as a mummer has unfitted him for a serious occupation. He cannot labour for eight or nine hours day after day and week after week in an office. He pines for the hectic excitements of a profession that knows no regular hours—no fixed times for work—few regular meals. And most frequently the same bitter self-knowledge comes to the actress who marries. She finds she cannot settle down to the hum-drum pursuits of a home. For some years she may blame her husband, her parents, even the claims of her children, but it is the stage poison that really breaks down her nervous constitution and drives her hot foot to her old profession, which usually turns and rends her then because she has grown up and has, maybe, lost a few of her looks.

The Actresses' "Via Dolorosa"

Maiden Lane is the name of this "Street of Breaking Hearts," and when the different theatrical seasons have arrived, and all the different companies have engaged the performers they need, it is tragedy to pace this *Via Dolorosa*, and to realise how bitter disillusion sits crowned in the hearts of the girls and boys you meet there—girls and boys who have given up everything to win theatrical success, and now do not know whence will come their next meal. At one time or another some of them may have earned £10 or even £20 a week. But what is £20 for three weeks, if for the other 49 you pace Maiden Lane and find no manager will hire you even to walk across the boards and carry a banner. And many of them go from year end to year end without a salary at all!

Trapped by Bogus Advertisements

A certain proportion, it is true, are silly girls who have been trapped by bogus advertisements. They have glanced through their favourite newspaper, and have seen some invitation such as this:

DO YOU WANT TO GO ON THE STAGE?—Well-known manager requires entire company for successful drama which will tour through all the best seaside resorts. Will ambitious amateurs send their photographs? Only small premium required.

Or they may have got into the hands of an unprincipled teacher of elocution, stage dancing and dramatic deportment, and he confided to them his secret opinion that Sarah Bernhardt, Irene Vanbrugh, Ellen Terry and Mary Moore never showed a tithe of their juvenile precocity and genius. This shark has taken all their savings, and sometimes big fees from their parents, and then he has passed them on to some bogus manager friend who has conveyed them in a bogus company to some lonely town in Yorkshire, South Wales or Scotland, has quarrelled with them, has bolted, and has left them absolutely penniless.

"Crowded Out"

But make no mistake about it—these are not the majority of the recruits to "The Street of Breaking Hearts." There are also plenty of miserable and disappointed girls who have been trained in good academies, have studied their art seriously in Paris, and Rome, and Berlin, who have had excellent engagements and extravagantly worded press notices, and who yet find that they have got "crowded out."

An actor friend of mine, who is one of the most popular figures at the Savage Club, calculates that there is only one engagement open to every hundred actors and actresses. This does not sound at first hopeless. After all, you must take a chance in every occupation, and it seems fairly certain that sometimes you must have better qualifications than the other 99. But do a simple sum in multiplication. Take a company where 50 performers are required. For this 5,000 will go into competition. Would you care to be one of that 5,000, and to know, if you do not secure the engagement, your landlady will not be paid, your boxes will be placed in the street, and you will have no money to purchase either shelter or food?

THE STREET OF BREAKING HEARTS

If an Agent is Honest

Of course, it may be said that an agent will save you a lot of rebuffs. He may—or he may not. Obviously it is impossible for him to secure engagements when there are no engagements to be secured. If he be honest, he will be the first man to warn you that you are insane to expect to make a living on the stage, and that, if you are pretty and lucky, you may obtain three or four good engagements and thereafter be left to black disillusion, semi-starvation and despair. He will never point to the 50 or 60 conspicuous successes on the English stage and assure you that out of thousands and thousands of rivals it will be for you quite easy to make the fifty-first or sixty-first. He will think of those grim battalions that daily invade his and other agents' offices in search of work—battalions that number thousands and thousands, and can never hope to be satisfied.

If the agent be dishonest—anything may happen, however dark and horrible and hideous. You will certainly be bled of every penny and every nice feeling you possess, and with equal certainty you will never get any proper help. For the purposes of this article, I asked a clever girl, who has written several popular songs, to pose as a stage aspirant and to interview some London agents who advertise they will help beginners. And with her experiences—in her own words—I will conclude:

A Clever Girl's Actual Experiences

I went (she wrote) up flight after flight of worn dusty stone stairs, and at the top of them found a door marked in bold lettering:

MOSES S. SHARK, Theatrical Agent.
PRIVATE.

I stood panting and irresolute before such an unmistakable rebuff.

"I'll knock," I said, "and although it is private I will see what happens."

What did happen was an incoherent roar from someone behind the door. Taking my courage in both hands I turned the handle and entered.

At first all I could see were the soles of a pair of large boots resting on the top of a roll-desk. From my point of vantage it was impossible to tell whether they belonged to

anyone or not. They had a pathetic and rather disjointed air.

Another bellow, proceeding from behind the desk, decided the matter for me, and somewhat cautiously I advanced.

In the depths of an office chair there reclined a gentleman of Hebraic countenance. His hat was inclined at a perilous angle upon the back of his black curls. A large cigar protruded from the corner of his mouth, his arms dangled limply on either side of the chair, and his feet were upon the top of the bureau.

Not Used to "Ladies"

My appearance seemed to startle him dreadfully. Down came his feet with a crash, up went his hands to his hat, which they crushed down over his left ear, and the end of his cigar glowed like an angry red eye.

"Sit down," he said to me, standing in wonderment as this metamorphosis. "Sit down. What is your business?"

I gingerly seated myself on a chair whose horse-hair stuffing protruded at every inch.

"I want to go on the stage," I said, "and I thought that perhaps as you are an agent you would help me."

"Help you! Oh!" He bent forward, hands on knees, and scrutinised me from top to toe. "Lady, aren't you?"

"I—I think so."

"H'm! You're no good to me. Sharpness is what I want, and sharpness I must have. Have you got any—sharpness—in you?"

I recklessly avowed that I had.

"Of course you'd say so, anyway," said Mr. Shark in the cold tones of absolute disbelief. "How about dancing? Can you sing?"

"I can do both."

"Oh! Can you——?" The rest of the inquiry was cut short by the breathless and not altogether graceful entrance of a lady who bounded round the back of the desk, exclaiming "Hallo!" in shrill accents.

"Didn't you know I'd got a lady here, Flossie?" inquired my Hebrew friend with a scowl.

"Now," said Flossie by way of negation, "how could I? Don't be so cross. I came to tell you I'd got that job with the A and Z troupe. Three pounds a week touring."

But her news assailed deaf ears. The man was looking at me. "She's got sharp-

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ness," he said. "See what I mean? Tell you what it is, you're too good for the halls. High-class tragedies for you. I can't do anything for you, but if you take my advice you'll go to the Smith Jones-Brown Agency in Maiden Lane. They'll likely do something for you."

I arose, and with halting thanks, which I don't believe he heard at all, so engrossed was he with Flossie, left the building and sought Maiden Lane.

"Walk Right In"

I was relieved to find that the Smith Jones-Brown Agency were provided with a lift. Entering it, I asked for the third floor, and was thence shown down many tortuous passages by the obliging lift-boy to a door which, instead of being marked "Private," had "Walk Right In" written across it. I did so, and found myself in an apartment upholstered in red velvet.

In the middle of the room stood a large polished table flanked on either side by comfortable-looking chairs. Journals and magazines bearing upon the stage abounded, and I was just about to open *The Lime-lights* when a door that I had not noticed opened behind me, and a pretty girl came forward.

"Good afternoon," I said. "I came to ask you if you could find me work on the stage. I've had no experience," I explained, "but I've a good and well-trained voice."

"Ah!" said she. "Mr. Smith Jones-Brown is out just now, but if you would wait I feel sure he will soon be in, and I will ask him to see you. Have you a card? Thank you."

And being left alone I returned to *The Lime-lights*. Presently Mr. Smith Jones-Brown came in, and after inquiring what my business was, and rubbing his hands together, desired me to enter his private sanctum.

Here we discussed for some time my possibilities, lack of experience and most of all my lack of means. He seemed inclined to help me, and I rejoiced.

"Is there any opening for ballad singing

in the halls," I said, "because I'm considered good at that?"

Mr. Smith Jones-Brown groaned. "You make me tired," he said, "you novices. Ballad singers grow on bushes. People won't pay to go and hear ballads at the halls. They go to the Albert Hall for that. Can you wear clothes, and all that? Look smart? Walk well?"

"Oh! yes!"—a little crestfallen.

"I should say you're right. Now here's a proposition. I'll get you an introduction to a manager who'll give you an audition, and, if you're nice to him, he'll take you on his new revue. I don't suppose you'll get more than two pounds a week to start on, but, if you're nice to me, we'll see what we can do better for you. We shan't make our fortunes out of you, mind you, at ten per cent. on two pounds a week. Still, you strike me as having possibilities, my dear."

I was rather bewildered by all these injunctions regarding my personal behaviour, so said only, "Thank you very much."

"Now," he went on, "how about tea? Come and have a cup of tea with me."

"Thank you," I said. "I've no time. I must be getting home. Good afternoon."

And without waiting for any further remarks, I passed out of the room.

The pretty girl outside followed me into the passage.

"Any luck, Miss Ellesmere?" she said.

"Yes," I said. "Two pounds a week in a revue. He talked a great deal about being 'nice.'"

"Did he ask you to dinner?"

"No, to tea."

"Are you going?"

"Why—no!"

The girl heaved a sigh which sounded like one of relief.

"You'll not get that job," she said, with a squeeze of my hand. But before I could question her she was gone.

Needless to say, I heard nothing from the Smith Jones-Brown Agency, or from the dozens of other agencies to which I applied and to which I refused to pay absurdly heavy sums. But during my excursions I met dozens of other girl beginners equally capable and equally disheartened.



The Captain Takes Command

An After-War Story

By

Michael Kent

THE junior partner was very earnest.

"You see, Captain Murchiston," he said, "it is a difficult time. We have so many difficulties to contend with—labour, raw material, transport, capital—that the firm will be in a critical position for some time. I don't say we shan't weather the storm, but we cannot carry dead weight."

"I do not suggest that you should," returned Murchiston. He was not in khaki. Three days had elapsed since he had doffed that honourable livery, and it irritated him vaguely that the junior partner should still give him the military title. "'Murchiston' used to be good enough," he thought; "why is he so free with the 'Captain'?"

"Of course," he went on, "I understand that some confusion might result from putting me straight back into the position which I left, and"—he paused—"which you were keeping open for me. The draught office is naturally full, with people who are more in the running. Four years' absence makes a difference, but still——"

He ended lamely. Gas had left a legacy in his brain, the slightest inability to concatenate. It would go; the medical officer through whose hands he had passed on his discharge assured him it would go, but at this present it was a confounded nuisance, for he was standing up against a keen man of business and fighting for the redemption of a promise.

"That is just it," agreed the junior partner genially. "You know, Captain Murchiston, we could not think of putting a man who has held His Majesty's commission into the positions which are now vacant. In your former work you are now five years behind. It is greatly to your credit—very greatly to your credit—but the fact remains that you are five years behind. You would not like to go into the draught office in a humbler capacity than you left it."

Murchiston was tired and contemptuous. What, after all, was the use of fighting a man like that?

"Have you anything to offer, sir?" he asked bluntly.

The junior partner looked down a list which lay upon the desk.

"Well," he said, "there is wages clerk at two-ten a week, Captain."

Murchiston got to his feet. "Thank you, sir," he answered, and walked to the door.

"I appreciate that it is much below your deserts, Captain Murchiston," the junior partner resumed, "but the firm is struggling, and a grateful country will undoubtedly——" Here his own line of thought wavered, but that did not matter greatly, for the door had closed.

"Now," said Murchiston to himself as he walked out of the main gates, "I'll put my discharge bonus into War Bonds, and live on the interest."

With grim humour he dusted his boots when he emerged from the pretentious portals of Steadman, Reinhardt and Steadman.

II

ALAN MURCHISTON in the next few weeks discovered that a peaceful civilian world was a harsh and unsympathetic place to live in. It was so different from the Army. There you had your job and you did it. Somebody else saw you housed and dressed and fed and patched when you got pipped. You fought no one but the Hun, and you fought him all together. Here you were an Ishmael. The initiative that the Army cultivated was no use in the tortuous paths of commerce, where each man suspected his companion's motive and behaved towards him with the utmost politeness.

Murchiston would have liked to go back, but His Majesty had no further use for him. He hunted the "disappointments bureau" to its lair and found it justified its name. It sent him on long journeys to apply for positions which had been filled, for positions which had never existed, for positions which

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demanding a technical knowledge that he did not possess, and in the intervals he lounged in the stuffy drawing-room of his Bayswater boarding-house or watched the letter board with dawning hope or sickening dismay.

Alternately he went for long trudges through town, longing for the routine and the free good-fellowship that had been his lot in the years that had gone. "Peace," thought he, "is a hell of a mess."

No matter how much he cut his expenditure it surely exceeded the amount of his pension, and week by week he drew on his bonus without being any nearer the prospect of a job. The inactivity oppressed him. Idle, and without a place in the scheme of things, he began to lose caste, to grow careless. It is very difficult for a man to respect himself when he is doing nothing for a living.

One day in spring he was walking down the Brompton Road wondering rather aimlessly whether it would not be better to scrap his knowledge and social place, and look for some such easy irresponsible job as caretaker. He had been going along rather quickly, marching in fact to the tune of one of the old chanties of the *pavé*:

If you want to find the sergeant, I know where he is,
I know where he is,
I know where he is.

If you want to find the sergeant, I know where he is:
He's drinking up the private's rum.

After a time the rhythm of his march was broken by a strident voice ahead, a voice that suggested abundant pride and wonder, a ready confidence, a challenge to all comers.

"Five fer sixpence, an' they're all ripe an' juicy! Five fer sixpence an' pick w're yer like."

The exigencies of commerce made the merchant's progress slow. Murchiston soon came up with him. A two-wheeled truck piled high with glowing fruit was drawn by a cunning little brown pony, that shook and jangled the polished brasses of its harness and laughed at their twinkling reflections.

"Pick w're yer like an' they're all ripe an' juicy!"

"If you want to find the sergeants, I know where they are," hummed Murchiston to himself as he came up. The merchant of oranges, with a calculating eye on passers-by, looked up to estimate, first, whether

here was another customer; secondly, whether it would be safe to serve him from the back of the barrow, or whether he would exact the selective privilege of the invitation.

"Ere y'are, guv'nor, pick w're ye—Strewth!"

The coster chucked a couple of oranges on to the barrow, drew himself up straight and, saluting hurriedly with three halfpence in his right hand, showered riches upon a small boy in the gutter.

Murchiston looked down at a little man in a big peaked cap.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "Why, it's Limmer! How are you, Corporal?"

He was delighted to shake hands. He hadn't come across a real good comrade of the old days for close on three months.

"Lumme," said Corporal Limmer, "I never even dreamt as I'd come across you agin, sir. W'y, it's like the old times come back."

"And how are you getting on, Limmer?" asked Murchiston.

"Fine, sir," returned the corporal proudly. "See this little turn-aht, sir. Natty, I calls it, reg'lar natty. I bought it wiv my bonus—an' the nag. Reg'lar knowin' little bit of a 'orse, ain't she, sir? Least, she's not a horse, but a pony, ain't yer, old girl? I goes up to the 'Gawden' o' mornin's an' I buys up before them swell blokes comes up from the West—fust-class stuff on my show, sir, I don't give a kick fer no seconds. Stan's to reason. You give folk fust-class stuff, they comes agin. See what I mean? I turns me money over before the day's aht. Got a nice little place up 'ome, an' a stible—least it ain't a stible, it's a bike shed reely—an' me an' the missus we drives aht Eppin' w'y a Sundays. Give yer my word, sir, I'm doin' fine."

"That's good," said Murchiston heartily. "I'm jolly glad you've landed on your feet. You deserve it." He sighed. "Ever come across any of the old crowd, Limmer?"

"No," returned the coster. "But I'm agoin' to. I'm agoin' to this very Thursday, sir."

"Oh," said Murchiston, "how's that?"

Ex-Corporal Limmer turned to accommodate an importunate matron with "five fer sixpence." He deftly swung the fruit into a bag, pouched the sixpence, slung a defiant "Pick where yer like" at the world

THE CAPTAIN TAKES COMMAND

in general, and, coming back to the captain, halted stiffly at attention.

"Yessir," he said, "I'm agoin' to see some of the old crald this very Tuesday. Ye don't 'appen to remember Collin'wood an' 'Orton, sir?"

"Collingwood and Horton," repeated Murchiston. "Yes, I do. No. 1 Platoon. Horton got pipped that day in Briquet Farm, before I got my dose. Collingwood, too, I remember him. Lewis Gun section, wasn't he?"

"We was all wiv the Lewis that d'y," said Limmer with a grin. "D'you remember, sir, 'ow Fritz worked rahnd us till it seemed there was no getting aht?"

"Do I not?" returned Murchiston, his eyes apleam. "By George! What men they were! That was a tight place, Corporal."

"They're all ripe an' juicy," cried the corporal, with one eye on the barrow. "Ye don't 'appen to remember the dite, sir?"

"Let's see," returned the captain, musingly. "It was this time a year ago, sometime in April, I should say, early April."

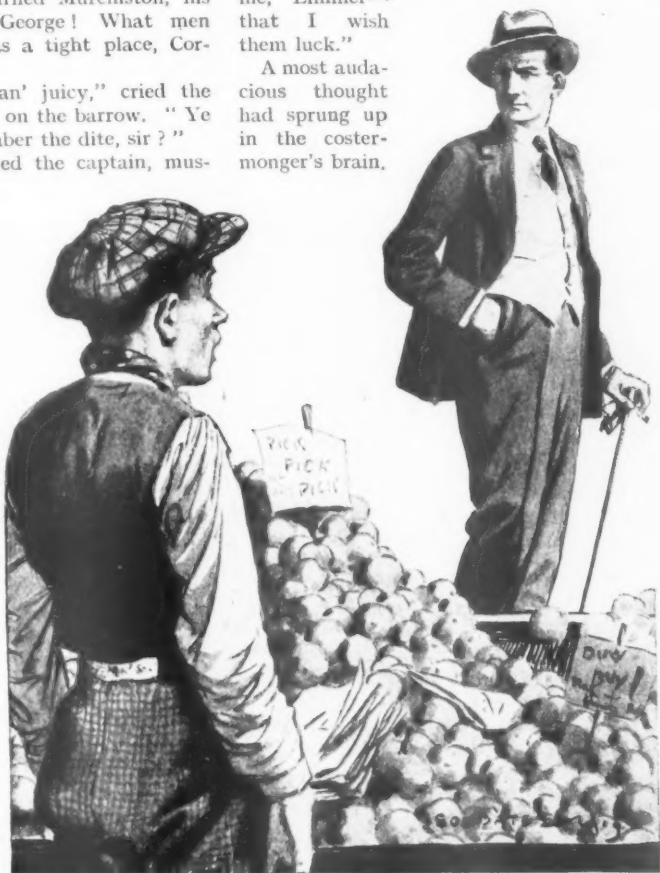
"The heighth, sir, an' that's nex' Tuesday." Ex-Corporal Limmer dispensed another package of ruddy gold, as per advertisement, challenged South-West London to choose at pleasure, and returned.

"As I was s'yin', sir, when business interfered, me an' Collin'wood an' 'Orton, we alwis kep' together. When we was in Brick Farm, an' the 'Un a-creepin' up, ses 'Orton, 'e ses, 'If the Capting gets us aht o' this,' 'e ses, 'I drink 'is 'ealf in a bucket,' 'e ses, 'when I gets

'ome.' So we come to fix it, me, an' Collin'wood, an' 'Orton. If we come froo we'd meet together an' 'ave a feed. Monf or two back they wrote to me, an' I wrote back—least me missus did, 'cos me writin's 'awrd to read—an' there y'are, sir."

"And you're going to have a dinner together," said Murchiston. "Good luck to you. I hope you have a good time." He thought grimly of the inevitable rice pudding, and the belligerent old maid who would be his table companion, in respectable Bayswater, and he sighed as he forecasted her conversation—a résumé of a Lenten sermon and a tirade against the house management. "You'll tell the old crowd that you've seen me, Limmer—that I wish them luck."

A most audacious thought had sprung up in the costermonger's brain.



"Why, it's Limmer!" he cried. "How are you, Corporal?"

Drawn by
Leo Bates

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The barriers of military rank and social caste were great, but the captain was a fine chap, and anyhow he was no longer in khaki—the corporal couldn't be crimed for it.

"I don't s'pose, sir," he asked a little wistfully, "as ye'd like to come too, along of us common chaps."

"Goodness!" said Murchiston. "I'd like it more than anything. I'd give a lot to talk to the old crowd on even terms, now the show's over."

"Well, sir," said Limmer, "all I got ter s'y is—me speakin' fer Collin'wood an' 'Orton, like—as we'd be prahd to 'ave yer, sir, an' if there's any trouble from a wet night like, sir, you trust us to see yer froo."

"Good," said Murchiston. "It's jolly sportin' of you. I'll come."

"Tike 'em back, if yer like, lidy," argued Limmer with engaging frankness to a customer, "on'y don't go an' chinge yer mind in another ten minutes, 'cos there won't be none." He turned to the captain. "It's at the Sahfhampton," he said. He regarded Murchiston plaintively for a moment. "Yer wouldn't like ter meet me at L'erpool Street, sir," he said, "an' come along wiv me, ter give 'em a surprise like? 'Course, I shall be all dressed up like," he added.

"Of course I will," said Murchiston; "delighted!"

"Seven o'clock an' number five platform," said Limmer. "You go stright there, if you chinges yer mind, sir."

Murchiston took his hand. "If I'm not there you can know I've gone West," he said. "I'm hindering business. Carry on, Corporal."

Limmer's hand went up to his peak, his heels clicked.

In a moment the captain was on his way towards Fulham, with a new heart.

Behind him rang the slogan, growing fainter in the distance: "All the very best; pick w're yer like; good uns ev'ry one."

III

MURCHISTON was in time at the barrier, and he had no difficulty in picking out the corporal. Indeed the tie would have ensured it. It was scarlet satin, and the corporal himself shyly admitted to thinking it "tysty." "A little

bit of orl right, wnat the missus picked up on the Stratford Broadw'y."

The missus had certainly turned him out with conspicuous success. "'Tain't as if I'm alwis slippin' orf on me own," he explained. "This is the very fust time as ever I done it. 'This is speshul, Nancy,' I ses to 'er, an' she see it like that. We'll 'oof it, sir, if ye don't mind. Git there a bit lite, more of a surprise like."

It was distinctly a surprise. Collingwood had been in charge of arrangements because he knew more about such matters. He was, as Corporal Limmer surmised, "not the sime as one of us blokes. 'E don't work wiv 'is 'ands; 'e's somefink slap up, like a clurk."

The corporal had been directed to Room 18, and when he opened the door and led Murchiston in he was delighted at the tableau. "Guess 'oo I've got 'ere, boys! It's the captin'."

Civil and military etiquette were for a moment at grips, and military triumphed. The two men before the cheery fireplace sprang to attention.

Murchiston came forward and shook hands. "How are you, Collingwood? How d'you do, Horton? Jolly glad to see you both. That nick in the shoulder all right, Horton? Corporal said I'd be welcome, so I took him at his word."

Those shakes set the tone of the evening. Each man knew the others for mates, tried in the furnaces of hell. Birth and rank were not big enough to mar their goodly fellowship. Who would weigh an "h" or so awry, and a florid taste in neckwear, against the worth of a friend who has borne your life in his hands, and would have held it safe although his own went out?

Soon they were all talking and on even terms, though old custom put a "sir" behind the words addressed to Murchiston. With the chatter and the cries that broke across the line of talk, it might have been a crowd of schoolboys, filling up with tea after a footer match. "Do you remember Sammy Boot? Poor old Sammy." "Did you ever know how 'Mac' got crimed, sir, for insubordination?" "Crikey! What a d'y that was w'en we come up from 'Armin-teers,'"

In the midst of it all, Collingwood gave his orders for the guest. "Another cover, waiter."



" ' Good 'ealf, sir; may yer
live long to enj'y it! ' "—p. 898

Drawn by
Leo Bates

THE QUIVER

Murchiston studied the tall, dark, quiet man, who had been such a steady soldier. In the ranks he had stood out as being of rather more than average education, but he had refused stripes, and the captain, knowing his magnetic value in the ranks, had not forced him to apply for a commission, though more than once he had mooted the subject in the man's own interests. Here he was, just as he had been over there—quiet, masterly, unhurried.

They sat down, and the talk ranged back over the shell craters and the wire to the dour land where they were proven. It was Horton who put the inevitable question: "What did you feel like, sir, that day a year ago in Brickly Farm?"

Murchiston laughed. "I hadn't the slightest hope of ever getting out of it," he said.

Horton nodded. "You thought we were reg'lar done in, sir?"

"You're right," said Murchiston, "I did. Then I looked at the chaps. I remember you fellows with the Lewis in the corner of the stable—you'd just got your packet, Horton, and were carrying on, with one hand—and I thought if these fellows can keep their tails up, it's my job not to let 'em down."

Collingwood laughed. "Do you know what I thought, sir, and the rest of the mob too? If this don't put the wind up the captain, it's up to us to see him through."

"Playing up to each other, that's what it was," said Horton.

"Yes," interrupted Limmer. "But where did it stawht? We leans on the capting, capting leans on us; that ain't no sense. It's got to stawht somew'eres."

"Beats me," said Murchiston. "I only know you fellows stuck it out."

"No," cried Collingwood with absolute decision. "It started long before, in England. We were not the usual draft, remember. We were a unit, trained, commanded, led in the field by the same officers. It all comes back to that. We had known them for more than a year. New men could not have done it. Because we had gone to the captain a hundred times at need, and he had pulled us through, we knew that we could trust him there. Limmer," he appealed, "Horton, isn't it fact? You knew the captain never let you down. We held Briquet Farm, and Briquet Farm held

up a division, but it was done months before in England, on 'the plain,' by Captain Murchiston."

What followed was unpremeditated. The men filled their glasses and rose, for the talk and the time and the place had ordered them to do so. "Captain, your health." "Your health and happiness, Captain." "Good 'ealf, sir; may yer live long to enj'y it!"

It knocked Murchiston in a heap.

"Boys," he said, in a low voice that shook; "that's more to me than the word of a general." He paused and looked at them straightly. Suddenly each one knew that he had not seen the old captain before that night. Here he was at last, as he used to be, gallant and great. "You don't know what you've done," he said; "you've made me believe in myself once more."

Collingwood nodded gravely, his eyes steady on the young man's face, but the others did not exactly understand.

There followed toasts more regular in inception—"the Old Corps," "the chaps that never came back, may the earth rest lightly on them"—and when the waiters had brought dessert and made their solicitous farewells, the table split diagonally by a natural line of cleavage. Limmer and Horton found that they had as much in common as in the departed years of blood and mud. They were soon deep in the advantages of a quick turnover and no appearances, as set against the rent and rates and lighting of a suburban shop. Horton was a grocer in Tooting.

"Yus, but it comes 'ard on yer froat," admitted Limmer, and raised his glass, "not 'arf it don't."

Collingwood saw the conversation well started, and turned to the captain. "How does civilian life suit you, sir?"

"Good enough," said Murchiston a little briefly. "And you?"

"Oh, I was all right," returned Collingwood; "I got back into the old shop again as before." He paused thoughtfully. "Do you mind, sir," he said, "if I put a personal question?"

Murchiston knew Collingwood. The man had earned his trust in critical matters, and mutual respect had made these four essential friends, whatever spell might have been woven of old by the pips on the captain's tunic.

"Carry on," he said.

THE CAPTAIN TAKES COMMAND

Collingwood did not carry on. He shifted his position uneasily, and skinned a walnut with great care.

"It was what you said just now, sir," he explained slowly at last. "'You've made me believe in myself once more.' Don't think I'm being curious, but I couldn't quite make it out. Some of us have found civilian life a little hard. People were glad for us to go. We were a bulwark. Now there's no enemy. It's the way of the world, you can't blame them——" He was finding it very difficult. "But it has come hard on some of us, sir. Not me, I'm all right, but——"

Murchiston broke the long pause with a laugh. "You're a good chap, Collingwood," he said; "you've got it, in one. But what can anyone do?"

It relieved Collingwood immensely. If Murchiston had been a little less of a man, he would have told the private to mind his own business.

"Well, sir," said Collingwood slowly, "I have a little influence. I know a firm—quite a reputable firm—want a man who can handle labour in big gangs." He paused again, and turned frankly on the captain. "You know it's a difficult job, sir. Get a dockyard gang turned sour, and it's the deuce of a time getting them going again. It means a lot to us too—a lot in hard cash just now. Delay, anywhere, hangs up the whole machine; you know how it is in the Army, sir. The sooner the stuff is off the ships the sooner it's dealt with. The people who get a good start now will be lucky; they'll never lose it."

He fell silent, and Murchiston could not help him out. It was not that the captain was affronted; he wanted to hear more, but the suggestion coming, as it did, so unexpectedly, threw him off his balance.

"I hope you don't think I'm intrusive, sir," said Collingwood at last.

"Lord, no! go on," cried Murchiston.

"As I was saying," the private resumed,

"the man would be worth thousands to us, the right man. Money won't sweeten a disgruntled navy—though we pay well enough, for that matter. It's something else." He turned his gaze more intently on the captain's face. "Something I found in 'A' Company, over there. We'd give good money to get it at dockside."

"Man," said Murchiston, "I've been turned down at my old job as not worth my old screw."

Collingwood smiled. "Forgive me, sir," he said; "I can manage without references."

"But what do you propose?" asked the captain.

"Well," said Collingwood; "receiving manager, we call it. The post's worth four hundred to start, and we're not mean. Frankly, I believe you'd be worth double. I'm no philanthropist," he added cannily.

"But where do I apply?" asked the captain.

"Well," said Collingwood, smiling, "may I take it that you have applied, sir?"

"What?" cried Murchiston. "I don't understand. Excuse me, but who are you, when you're at home?"

"I?" said Collingwood. "Oh, I'm Strutt, Collingwood and Thompson. I don't suppose you'll have heard of us, sir; but we're out to beat Steadmans', and we can do it too, if things go well at the docks."

"Strutt's!" cried Murchiston. "You are Strutt's? It was Steadmans' who turned me down—offered me two-ten a week to come back. You want to beat Steadmans'? Why, I'd come to you for the pure love of it."

Collingwood rapped whimsically on the table. "Boys," he said, "you'll be glad to hear the captain has taken command again."

Ex-Corporal Limmer looked up. He was very happy, but quite unable to understand the remark.

"'Ear, 'ear," he said, "and a good job too."



The City of Remembrance

A Loftily Conceived Scheme
By
Agnes M. Miall

ALL over the country, in this first year of peace, plans are afoot for local memorials to record in some imperishable form the gallantry of our lost men. But there is a feeling among thinking people that while these memorials have their real and valuable place, something on a vaster scale is needed as well—something in the heart of the British Empire that will commemorate, not merely the heroism of this town or that village, not solely the sacrifices of the Mother Country, but the common motive for the defence of humanity which animated the whole of our far-flung British Empire.

There must be nothing petty in such an idea. To materialise in a manner worthy of its great concept, it must be untrammelled by small necessities, and lovingly wrought upon by the greatest minds and craftsmen of the age. There could be no place for it but London, the heart of the Empire, and no such appropriate spot in London as the bank of the Thames.

Transforming the Imperial City

A body of finely patriotic people, banded together under the title of the Empire War Memorial League, has worked out a loftily conceived scheme which, if carried out according to the plans of the architect, Major Charles Pawley, will transform a whole area in the heart of the capital. The general idea is to create in Westminster, in the immediate neighbourhood of the historic Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, a centre and home for science, art and learning, and to erect buildings dedicated to this great object upon sites which are not only from every point of view the most appropriate that can be found, but are also readily available.

A scheme which includes the rebuilding of a large portion of Pimlico and the erection of a new bridge to replace Lambeth Bridge may easily at first sight be branded as impracticable; but though beauty and memorial

excellence have been kept in the forefront of the conception, its practical possibilities are never for a moment lost sight of. No demolition is contemplated except what is highly necessary in the public interest and indeed inevitable in most cases; but it is felt very strongly that where such pulling down must occur there could be no better time in the history of London than now to replace the demolished slums and sordid streets with a town-planning scheme which will be that thing of beauty which is a joy for ever. And by beauty is meant not merely what is pleasing to the eye, but that which is of public service and utilitarian in the highest meaning of the word.

A Place of Strange Contrasts

Westminster at present is a city of strange contrasts. The grandeur of the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament is strangely at variance with the squalor of its endless tenement houses near by. Their tortuous streets and close-packed dwellings are accentuated by the sense of space one finds in Parliament Square. The river frontage is an inartistic medley of pleasant mansions, warehouses and mean little streets. There are altogether many features in present-day Westminster which we could well afford to lose.

Only—and it is a big only—we want to make sure that they are not replaced by something which now, or in a generation to come, will be even worse.

It is here that the plans of the Empire War Memorial League make their practical, as apart from their emotional, appeal. If they can be carried out we and posterity are assured that the innermost heart of the Empire will be a wonderful and inspiring monument of the Great War.

Roughly, the area to be transformed forms a triangle, with its three points at Westminster Cathedral to the west, Westminster Abbey to the north, and at the southern angle the Tate Gallery. Within this area the new memorial city is to rise.

THE CITY OF REMEMBRANCE

All that is historic or stately within these confines will be carefully preserved, and only the unworthy parts which would mar a great whole are to be swept away.

The Heart of the Scheme

What might be called the heart of the scheme is the proposed new thoroughfare running from Victoria Station almost in a straight line to Lambeth Bridge. Broad as Kingsway, with open circuses at intervals, it would form a new artery of immense importance to Westminster, and, by means of the new bridge also included in the plan, link Victoria with a neglected part of South London. Sites on Empire Avenue, as it is to be called, would be reserved for many of the principal new buildings contemplated, and the circuses would be adorned with groups of memorial statuary by the finest sculptors of to-day. The catholicity of the scheme is shown by the fact that these would commemorate not only English, but Do-

minion and Allied deeds during the Great War. Both Paris and Berlin have their spacious avenues of this nature, but so far London has been the most unplanned city in the world—a jumble of odd effects—and has lost much dignity thereby.

Vauxhall Bridge Road is a thoroughfare for which few would confess any extravagant admiration. Much widened and lined with fine buildings, under the memorial scheme it becomes Columbia Avenue, a title which renders fitting honour to the United States. Throughout the area mean streets would come a-tumbling, to be replaced with broader highways and dwellings of a worthier type. From Empire Avenue other thoroughfares, named after the various Dominions, would radiate.

A Thames Frontage

An advantage of the plan is that it has an extensive frontage to "sweet Themmes," which "glideth at his own sweet will," and



Bird's Eye View of the Proposed Memorial Reconstruction

The heart of the scheme is the proposed new thoroughfare running from Victoria Station almost in a straight line to Lambeth Bridge

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Major Pawley's ideas take the fullest account of the extra space and grandeur bestowed by the water. Here it is proposed to erect magnificent buildings to house the University of London, which is much in need of better accommodation, and it is difficult to think of any site in London where they could be placed to greater advantage. Apart from the dignity which any fine building must gain by possessing a river frontage, and by being situated at the junction of the Memorial Bridge with the Embankment, there are the associations which the University will acquire by being near to Westminster Abbey and the other national buildings to be erected in the neighbourhood. Of all buildings a University makes the most powerful appeal for harmonious surroundings and associations. On this site the University would be in intimate relation to the great associations and traditions of the past, and in the midst of a city whose construction is to embody the

A fine opportunity will be given to the Empire's most eminent artists in the designing of the bridge to replace the present Lambeth Bridge. It is proposed that there shall be open competition in preparing these plans, so that all the finest talent may be available from which to select, and the League is seeking the co-operation of the London County Council and the Royal Academy Memorial Committee on this point. It is suggested that a special memorial to the Navy should stand at the junction of Empire Avenue and the Embankment, and designs for this, as well as for the corresponding Army memorial to be placed half-way down the Avenue, would be thrown open to public competition.

No memorial scheme could be considered complete without a War Museum, for which, indeed, the Government has long been collecting exhibits. Major Pawley proposes that this should stand between the United Service Institute by Inigo Jones and



The Proposed Memorial Chapel

The site is adjacent to Westminster Abbey. The Shrine will contain seventy-eight recesses for commemorative purposes

combined and supreme efforts of the greatest artists of the nation.

Nothing could be more appropriate than that this city of learning which the scheme contemplates should contain provision for making good some shortcomings in our national life. Hence it is proposed to provide a special Shakespearean theatre, a noble hall for the presentation of great music, and (in Vincent Square) a picture gallery for contemporary art. Plans for these buildings are already on paper.

Mr. Norman Shaw's Scotland Yard Buildings. In that case the present United Service Institute would itself form a wing of the building, and Inigo Jones's design would be followed for the new portion to preserve uniformity of effect. This, however, is only an auxiliary idea; the main scheme radiates round Empire Avenue, and does not necessarily include this offshoot.

The War Shrine

Many people whom the town-planning

THE CITY OF REMEMBRANCE

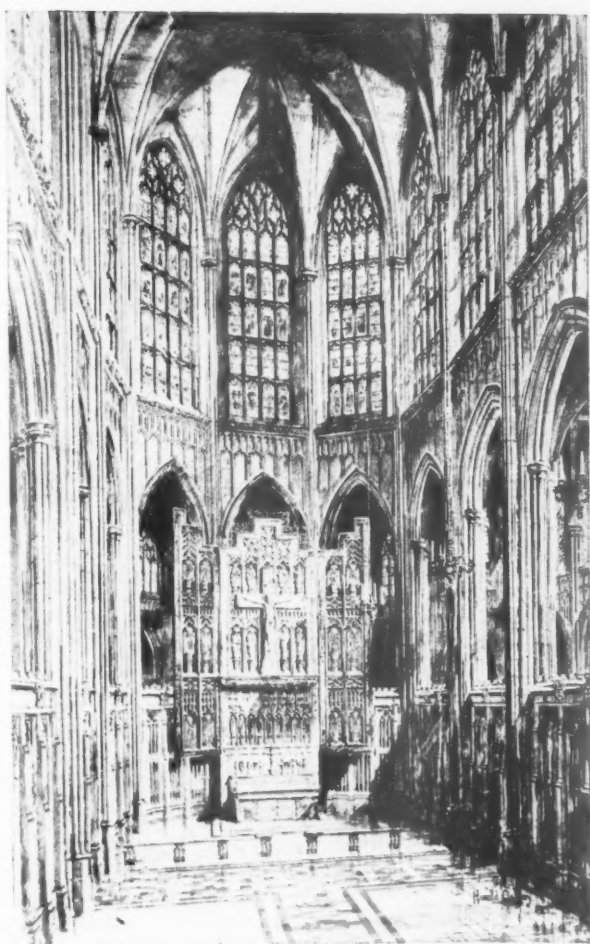
and provision of intellectual temples, splendid as they are, leave comparatively cold, will be roused to enthusiasm by the emotional and religious side of the scheme. This is to take the form of a War Shrine, built on a site close to Westminster Abbey, at present occupied by old offices of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. In Major Pawley's office I saw a picture in colours of the interior of the Shrine, as it will appear when completed, which made one feel that it should not be unworthy to stand beside even our marvellous Abbey itself, as a crowning memorial to all who have fallen in the war since 1914.

"A hall of light"—that is to be the dominant note of the Shrine. Built in the Gothic style, to accord with its distinguished neighbours in Parliament Square, it is to have three tiers of windows, of beautiful stained glass, through which the sun will pour.

These windows will give infinite scope for individual gifts, and each might well be a separate memorial. The interior of the Shrine is designed with seventy-eight recesses, each capable of forming a commemorative chapel dedicated to individuals or to regiments which took part in the war. The cloisters outside would provide further opportunities for memorials, and the whole building would form a deathless remembrance of

" . . . every fervent yet resolved heart
That brought its tameless passion and its tears,
Renunciation and laborious years,
To lay the deep foundations of our race,
To rear its stately fabric overhead
And light its pinnacles with golden grace."

To the reader, dazzled by the stupendousness of the concept, this City of Remembrance may well seem a Utopian dream,



Interior of the War Shrine

The Chapel will be a "hall of light" with three tiers of windows

more realisable in fancy than in fact. Much as we may long for such an enduring memorial to our dead, at first sight the difficulties seem insuperable.

Necessary Work

It has to be remembered, in estimating the plan truly, that it is not all entirely new and (as perhaps some critics would say) uncalled-for work. Whether this scheme is adopted or not, much rebuilding in this area is already overdue, and cannot be long delayed now that peace has come. Lambeth

THE QUIVER

Bridge is unsafe, and in any event must disappear and be replaced. The Ecclesiastical Office buildings whose room is designed for the great War Shrine were condemned before the war, and will come down whether or not the Shrine is built. Much of the slum property which would be demolished to make room for the avenues is within a few years of the expiration of the leases, and would then be swept away in the natural course of things. The London County Council intends to widen the approaches to Victoria Station as a matter of public utility, apart from any question of war memorials.

A Wise Plea

The League, in fact, sees that the area of Westminster under consideration must, in any case, undergo considerable modifications during the next decade or two; and it is very wisely pleaded that, as rebuilding must take place, it should be done on a comprehensive plan that will result in a new and unrivalled city, instead of being left in the hands of private individuals to be built up piecemeal. The fact that all London has hitherto been treated in this way, to her very great loss, seems only an additional reason why we should signalise peace by adopting a worthier ideal for the greatest city in the Empire.

The Problem of Re-housing

In the acute state of the housing problem which we are facing at present, there arises the question, "If you pull down half Pimlico, where are its present population to live?" The County Council has already in hand an admirable housing scheme near the Tate Gallery, and the League's plans allow of sufficient expansion of this to accommodate all the displaced families close to their present homes—and give them, in exchange for scandalous slums,

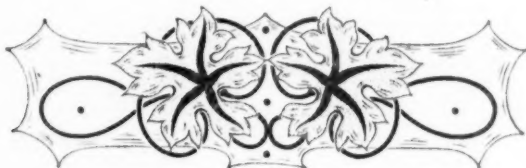
clean, airy model houses. It is probable that no one would benefit more radically by the scheme of the League than the present inhabitants of Westminster.

The question of cost is, of course, a very serious one, for apart from the large scope of the project, it is felt that a memorial of this kind can only be worthily embodied by using the finest possible materials and workmanship. It is suggested, for example, that all the big buildings in the scheme should be of Portland stone. As far as the planning and road-making are concerned, however, it is Major Pawley's opinion that the execution of the scheme will so increase land values in the area as almost to compensate for the widening of the streets. Certainly any discrepancy in cash will be more than balanced by the gain to health alone of rebuilding in a less congested fashion.

A Suggestion for the Women of the Land

When we remember that the great object in view is to raise a fitting memorial to our loved and hallowed dead, it cannot be doubted that every man and woman, not merely in England, but all over the Empire, will wish to contribute towards the cost of the Empire's memorial, and with millions of people all giving their mite the financial question ought to be met without too much difficulty. It is a charming idea that the War Shrine should be the contribution of the women of the Empire, and substantial sums have already been promised towards its erection.

If these various practical objections can be overcome (and the many influential members of the League are confident on this point) the Empire will be able to erect a truly wonderful monument to those dead who live imperishably in our hearts.



Love in a Cottage

The Ideal

"HOW I wish," sighed Mabs, apropos of the hot weather, "we had a cottage in the country."

It was a stifling day in July. One of those days when the dust parches your throat and sets your eyes smarting. And when the sight of a passing water-cart makes you long to fling convention to the winds, beg, borrow or steal a bathing costume, and sit on the water-pipe in the midst of the spray.

Her suggestion seemed to me worth considering.

"Well, dearest," I said, "why shouldn't we have a cottage? I detest town every bit as much as you do. There's no particular reason why we should continue to stifle in London. My book's nearly done" (I was at that time engaged on my "Universal Compendium of Cookery"); "and so long as I can get up to town once or twice a week that will do for me all right. But as Mrs. Beeton remarked, 'it's advisable first to catch your hare.' Can we find the right sort of cottage in the right place?"

"Oh, there won't be any difficulty about that," said Mabs, with the easy optimism of her nature. "All we have to do is to make up our minds quite definitely as to what we want. Then we can set about finding it. And first" (totting the items off on her fingers), "it must be situated in real country—not one of those dreadful suburbs built by Mr. Jerry in a frantic effort to make a fortune—and yet within easy reach of town. It must have a nice garden suitable for growing roses——"

"And vegetables."

"Yes, and vegetables. And it must have an orchard with some nice apple trees——"

"Cox's Orange Pippins?" I suggested.

"They would do. And it must stand on high ground."

"Say about 5,000 feet?"

"Don't be silly! You know what I mean. Nobody likes to live at the bottom of a hole. And it must be protected from

Its Delights—and Discomforts

By

R. B. Ince

the east and north. It must get all the sun there is to be got, and there must be a little spare bedroom in case we want to put up anyone for a night or two."

"That will mean three bedrooms, a sitting-room, a kitchen and a room for me to work in—hereinafter to be called the study."

Thus it was settled, and the following week we hired a motor-cycle and side-car, and commenced our search for the ideal cottage.

I will not describe all the cottages we saw. It would not be fair to the reader. Mabs informed a friendly house-agent at the end of the first week that we "had seen thousands." But that was scarcely accurate. It was rather how she felt about it. Truth to tell, by the time we discovered Myrtle Cottage, Wychhurst, I think we were both feeling a little weary and dispirited. We had been ambling for hours along narrow twisting lanes and by-roads when we came out of a thicket of young birch trees into open country. From there we caught a first glimpse of a tiny hamlet set on the side of a hill. This, we discovered, was Wychhurst. It was a perfect evening. The sun was sinking towards the distant downs, touching the few light films of cloud to a fiery pink. A window of a cottage caught the level rays and blazed like a rival sun. And as we laboured uphill towards it, the village appeared to swim in a sea of golden vapour.

"What a jolly little place!" cried Mabs. "And look, there's a cottage with a board up standing on the high ground just behind the village. That's the cottage of my dreams. We've found it! We've found it!"

Mabs is by nature far too impulsive; and yet, bless her! I think her impulsiveness is no small part of her charm. Just to equalise things I felt bound to play the part of the wet blanket.

"That board probably says 'Minerals sold here,' or 'Teas provided.' In fact, I'm almost sure I can make out the word 'Minerals.'"

THE QUIVER

But I was wrong. The cottage was to let, and its situation and surroundings certainly seemed promising. It faced south. There was a nicely kept garden in front; another piece of ground with fruit trees behind. And the station was only half a mile distant. The second sitting-room was certainly rather small. "But it'll do," I said. For it was evident Mabs had given her heart to the place from the first glance. And so, to be candid, had I.

From subsequent investigations we learnt that Myrtle Cottage was on Lord Torresforth's estate. Mr. Jayes, his steward, a stout, officious, consequential little man, assured us that we should be very fortunate to become Lord Torresforth's tenants.

"Wychurst is considered the prettiest village in the county," he informed us, "and his lordship's very pertikler about it. So I must ask you, please, to keep the front garden trim."

We assured him we would. For how were we to know that in Wychhurst grass grows three times as fast as anywhere else, and that it is impossible to kill Wychhurst weeds no matter how much salt you put on their tails?

The Real

I think that summer at Myrtle Cottage was the happiest we ever spent. The weather was perfect. The apples ripened and fell. The roses kept on blooming far into the autumn, and the bees continued to buzz about the garden. It seemed as though the warm days would never cease. And then, with tropic suddenness, the equinoctial gales burst upon us; the rain came down and the springs broke. I used to think that saying about "the springs breaking" was merely a rustic figure of speech. It isn't. Ever since our experience at Wychhurst I have been ready to admit that the springs do break.

Perhaps to make up for the dry summer, that autumn was phenomenally wet. It was not a question of "some gleams of sunshine mid renewing showers." We got all the showers with none of the sunshine. More often than not it blew a south-west gale, and the rain beat and splashed upon the windows and lashed against the roof-tiles as though with the set purpose of getting in. And, with an ever increasing facility, it got in.

Mabs still sang praises of our little home. But praises mingled with a good many qualifying "ifs" and "buts."

"Myrtle Cottage would be delightful," she said, "if only the rain didn't come through the roof."

"And if just a little of the smoke went up the chimney," I added.

"Still, there wouldn't be much to complain of if only the kitchen wasn't so often under water. If the meadows at the back were properly drained——"

"The meadows," I reminded her, "are Lord Torresforth's. Lord Torresforth thinks the water is good for them."

"Well, he ought to have seen our kitchen yesterday. It would have done him good to paddle in it for an hour or two."

"Hush!" I said. "You must not speak disrespectfully of the Aristocracy. Have you forgotten how he one day alighted from his high horse on purpose to utter a few well-chosen words in praise of our Dorothy Perkins?"

"And that monster Jayes, too," grumbled Mabs, following her own line of thought. "How I do hate, detest and despise that man! Always nosing around and treating the place as though it belonged to him. I really wonder he doesn't help himself to our vegetables to make sure that we grow stuff worthy of this model village of his. I'm sure he considers it his."

Jayes was indeed the ideal type of steward—from the landlord's point of view. Everybody in the village hated him, and what more eloquent tribute can a steward have than the hatred of all who dwell under his stewardship? Possibly I might have found excuses for him had he not contracted a bad habit of calling when I had gone up to town and bullying Mabs about the state of our garden. All our neighbours assured us we kept the garden very well—for amateurs. One day I returned from town to find Mabs in tears. Mr. Jayes, it seemed, had been playing the tyrant again, and what with him, and the rain oozing through the ceiling, and the flood in the kitchen, Mabs' usual optimism had broken down.

Next day I made it my business to meet Mr. Jayes in the village street.

"Look here, Jayes," I said, swinging my stick in a suggestive manner, "when you next want to bully a woman, kindly practise on your own wife. You understand? And

LOVE IN A COTTAGE



Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw

"We sat surrounded by three pails to catch the drops"

if you're not satisfied with the appearance of my garden you can cut the grass and weed it yourself."

The sting of this rebuke lay in the well-known fact that Mr. Jayes went in awe—if not in terror—of Mrs. Jayes. Some yokels who were standing within earshot grinned. Jayes never forgave me that; also it hurt his pride that I omitted the "Mister." From that day it was war to the knife between us.

Meanwhile the rain continued to fall in floods, and, owing to some deficiency of the tiles, we could not keep it out. We sat surrounded by three pails to catch the drops. If you have ever sat listening to the monotonous plunk! plunk! of raindrops falling into a pail you will know how we suffered. Since it was the duty of the landlord to keep the roof in repair, I had called the attention of Jayes to the matter; but

without result. I had even written to Lord Torresforth; again without result. Finally I consulted the local builder and got him to send round his man George. George spent a day on the roof. He assured us he could find nothing amiss. Unfortunately, he was a heavy man with large feet, and we could hear the tiles splintering beneath his weight. After he had left, the rain began to come in from a new quarter. We now sat with four pails instead of three.

"There is nothing for it," I assured Mabs, "nothing. Everyone agrees that George is the cleverest man in the village."

Then, glancing at the fast-filling pails, I had an inspiration. "What a chance to keep goldfish!" I exclaimed.

Mabs shivered.

Aunt Kitty Needs a Change

When things were at their worst and we were beginning to calculate our chances of

THE QUIVER

getting away from Myrtle Cottage before we were drowned, Mabs received a letter from her Aunt Kitty. She turned quite pale, and for the moment I imagined all kinds of horrors.

"My dear," I said, in a tone at once soothing and optimistic, "I trust there's nothing—nothing wrong with your aunt?"

"No, no," replied Mabs. "But, oh heavens! Aunt Kitty's coming to stay with us. She says she requires a few days' complete rest in the country. And the Newberrys have told her all about 'our delightful little nest.' I wrote to Maud in the summer, you know, and told her about it directly after we'd moved in. Maud's a dear thing, but she hasn't an atom of tact. What in the world did she want to go and show that letter to Aunt Kitty for?"

Mabs read me Aunt Kitty's letter. It was very enthusiastic. She had been doing too much in town, she said, and needed a little change. She added that she knew we shouldn't find her any trouble as she could always amuse herself.

"But what," I asked, "is Aunt Kitty like? I only saw her for a few minutes at the wedding. She was the stout lady with the masculine voice, wasn't she, who complained that the lemonade had been made with a bad lemon?"

"The description would just about fit. But, oh, Charles, what *are* we to do? If Aunt Kitty has made up her mind to come, she'll come."

"Well, if she *will* come, she must. She'll have to make the best of it, that's all—and so shall we."

"But she won't. She'll make the worst of it. I know Aunt Kitty. It's not that I don't like her. I do. She's always been awfully good to *me*, and she's really the best of aunts. But she's—she's so like a whirlwind. She's always going about fighting other people's battles, and she gets into the most horrible fixes in consequence. I know exactly what will happen. She'll declare this cottage is unfit to live in; and she'll go straight off to see Lord Torresforth, and before we know where we are we shall be involved in an action for libel or assault and battery or something. When she's roused there's no doing anything with her. And her pet complaint is rheumatism. You see, I said so much to Maud about the high situation of Wychhurst and its freedom from

damp. Really I can't imagine how Maud could have been such an unmitigated idiot."

"The best way," I said, "will be to write to Aunt Kitty at once and explain quite frankly how we're situated. Describe the state of the roof, the inclemency of the weather, the music the draughts make through the keyholes, the volumes of smoke that ought to go up the chimneys but don't, the aquatic condition of the scullery and a few little details of that sort. Remind her tactfully of the suspected connection between rheumatism and moisture, and tell her that if she comes she had better bring a medicine-chest and a life-belt with her. Provided you lay it on thick enough she won't come."

"I don't know. You can never be quite sure of Aunt Kitty. She's had an adventurous career. At an age when she ought to have been waiting demurely at the Rectory for one of her father's curates to propose, she ran away to London and did all sorts of queer things for a living. Finally she joined a travelling theatrical company and played—well, I don't know what she didn't play. It's fun to set her talking about those days. She had pluck. It was then that she met the Honourable John Fortescue, and would certainly have married him only that they neither of them had sufficient to buy a marriage licence, let alone to set up house. The Honourable John had also run away from home, stage-struck—hence the very meagre paternal allowance on which he subsisted. Aunt Kitty told me all about it—in confidence, of course. I don't think really she had much talent for the stage. It was the knock-about life she liked. And after she'd toured for a year or two an uncle of hers died. She was his favourite niece, and he left her everything. Aunt Kitty retired from the stage and went about 'doing good,' as she called it. I'm not saying she hasn't done good, but it's the fighting part of it she likes. To do good, she says, you must smash evil; and she certainly is a splendid smasher of things she doesn't like. She got into prison once and thoroughly enjoyed it. She says nobody can properly appreciate freedom who hasn't been in prison."

Between us we concocted a letter that we thought would put Aunt Kitty off. We posted it on Monday. On Wednesday we received a wire: "Expect me by the 3.50.—KIT."

LOVE IN A COTTAGE

Aunt Kitty Takes Steps

It was raining when Aunt Kitty arrived. But that did not at all distress her. She struck me as a cheerful, comfortable lady of uncertain age with a forceful and decided manner. If she had ever been in jail she did not show any signs of having fallen a victim to the skilful-and-water habit.

"Here, Mabel my love," she said, giving Mabel a peck on either cheek, "just hang on to my umbrella while I find my ticket. Oh, this is Charles, is it? How do, Charles? Hope you're—Drat the man!" (this to the ticket collector). "Won't he take my word for it? I've got a ticket somewhere. Never in my life have I defrauded a railway company! Oh, here it is."

Outside the station she inhaled a deep breath. She breathed it out slowly and with evident satisfaction.

"My children," she said, "you are fortunate. This air is as good as champagne. Not that I touch anything of the kind myself. I'm not a teetotaler, but I simply can't afford it. You see, if you have wine on the table, all your friends drink it, and they're not nearly so economical with your things as you are yourself. But you should see the stuff we've been breathing in town. Thick and brown. You could stick a fork into it. A-ah, but this is delightful! Rain? Oh, who minds a drop of rain? I've come prepared."

As we approached the village she expressed increasing delight, and the first glimpse of Myrtle Cottage threw her into an ecstasy.

"Somehow," she said, "I had a presentiment I was going to enjoy myself here. I quite shocked Elizabeth—(she's a treasure in her way, Mabel, if only she wasn't quite so prim and proper)—I quite shocked her by singing a hymn as I came down to breakfast. The tune was all right, but I had got hold of the wrong words. I dare say it sounded funny. I was feeling so happy. But this is a real bit of Old England—lattice-windows and all—and I can imagine what your roses are like in June. But where's the dovecot? You don't mean to tell me there's no dovecot? And you a newly married couple too!"

Certainly, buffeted as it was by wind and rain, Myrtle Cottage looked very snug and pretty—from without.

"Wait," I advised, "until you have seen

the interior. It's reputed to be the prettiest cottage in the village, and so it is. But it's also the worst built. I should never be surprised if it collapsed—roof, walls and chimneys. The slightest puff of wind sets it trembling like a jelly. And as for the roof—But you shall judge for yourself."

We introduced Aunt Kitty to the three pails in the sitting-room and sat her at the spot where the three main draughts met and played ring-a-roses round your shoulders.

She protested she didn't notice the draughts. "Your air here is so delightfully fresh and sweet that it's ridiculous to object to draughts. How can you have too much of a good thing?"

Of the three pails she frankly disapproved. "We must attend to that," she said, a frown wrinkling her forehead. "It's the landlord's duty to keep the roof in repair, isn't it?"

I assured her that it was.

"And who is he?"

I told her. "But Mr. John Jayes," I added, "is the real lord of creation in these parts. Lord Torresforth has to be approached through Jayes. That is to say, you mention any little grievance you have to Jayes, cross his palm with silver for luck, and wait to see what happens. Not being an expert palmist, I can't say what's wrong with Mr. Jayes' hand, but the charm hardly ever works."

"I'll talk to him," said Aunt Kitty firmly.

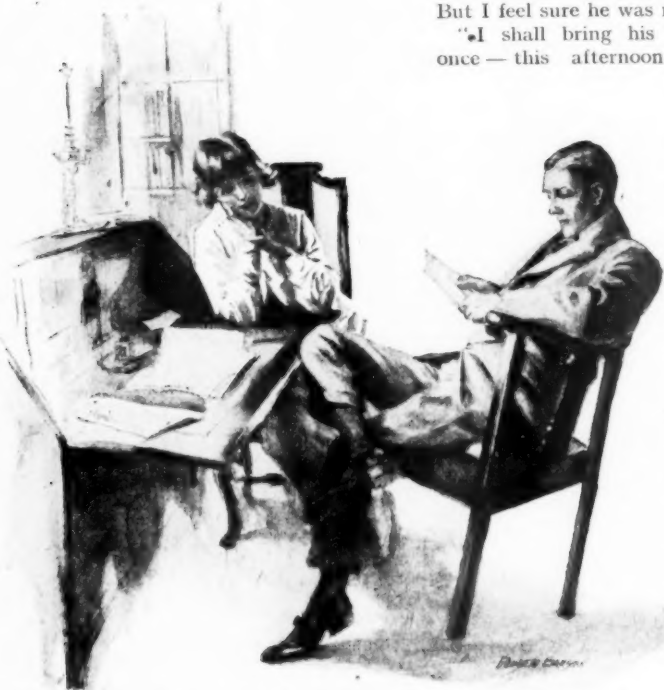
Next day she waylaid Mr. Jayes in the lane outside. She ran out hatless and proceeded to tackle him on the problems of life, death, righteousness and a judgment to come. At least, from her animated gestures, we deduced that she touched upon all these topics.

Finally she appeared to shake her fist in his face, or to call heaven to witness that she, at least, was guiltless of this outrage. We could not, with any certainty, determine which.

"That man," she informed us afterwards, "is every inch as big a fool as he looks." To talk to him is waste of breath. Charles, just run down to the builder's and get some cement and borrow a ladder. We'll dump cement on those tiles. It won't be the first time I've tackled a job of this sort. If we have to cement every inch of that roof we'll keep the rain out."

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We spent the best part of two days on the roof, Aunt Kitty and I, while Mabs mixed pudlo and cement on a board below. The rain was holding off, and we made good progress. By tea-time the roof was looking not unlike a battered chess-board.



"Between us we concocted a letter that we thought would put Aunt Kitty off"—p. 906.

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw

"If that doesn't keep the wet out," said Aunt Kitty, "nothing on earth will—not even great Caesar's dust. But, oh heavens! my poor knees. I feel as shaky as the cab-horse of the comic papers. Shall I ever be able to stand upright again, I wonder?"

Next morning, about an hour after breakfast, Mr. Jayes called and asked to speak to me. I have never in my life seen a man so corked up with rage as he was. He couldn't get it out, and that made him feel worse. "You've ruined the happearence of the whole village," he shouted in my face. "Just himagine, patching the roof like that! Are you haware that visitors

come from all over Hingland to see this village? Are you haware it's got the reputation of being the prettiest village on the 'ole estate?"

"Well," I said, "they'll come to see the funniest roof on the whole estate now for a change. So why worry?"

At that he did not have an apoplectic fit. But I feel sure he was near it.

"I shall bring his lordship round at once—this afternoon—and we'll soon see who's——"

"Oh, do!" said Aunt Kitty, popping her head round the half-open door (it looked suspiciously as though she had been eaves-dropping). "We shall be delighted to see Lord Torres forth."

Mr. Jayes went out like a snuffed candle.

"All the same," I said, "I feel a little uneasy about the lease. One never knows what the lawyers will—"

"Not a bit," said Aunt Kitty. "Leave it to me. The moss'll grow in time. And anyway, if he neglects his property he can't

blame us for repairing it. On the contrary, he ought to be very grateful."

For the Third Time of Asking

About four o'clock, just as we were sitting down to tea, Mr. Jayes appeared in the lane outside. He was accompanied by a tall man in tweeds. Mabs drew the curtain aside and peeped out cautiously.

"Lord Torresforth!" she exclaimed, with a frightened gasp.

The pair stood a few moments, observing the roof.

"I hope they like the effect," I said.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE

"Perhaps the old boy will commission us to patch up one or two other roofs in the village. They might then change its name from Wychhurst to Patchem."

Aunt Kitty placed her saucer on top of her tea-cup.

"I'm going to ask his lordship in to tea," she announced.

We begged her to do nothing of the kind.

"Please, please, Aunt Kitty!" pleaded Mabs. "He might come. And Mr. Jayes says he has a most violent temper. Besides, the room's so untidy. Charles, I do wish you wouldn't leave your hat and coat in here. And, good gracious! just look at my hair!"

I looked, but couldn't detect anything wrong. Mabs is always like that about her hair. The very first time I kissed her she declared I'd disarranged it. If the cottage were to collapse and we found ourselves alive amongst the debris, I know what she would say. And she would set me hunting for hair-pins among the ruins.

I don't think Aunt Kitty heard our remonstrances. Like the war-horse that "saith among the trumpets ha! ha! and smelleth the battle from afar off," she felt the call of duty and instantly responded.

We watched her stride down the path and plunge straightway into an animated conversation with Lord Torresforth—she turned her back on Jayes. It was evident that Lord Torresforth found it impossible to squeeze in a word. Several times he opened his mouth, but as ineffectually as a trout new-landed. Aunt Kitty's eloquence deprived him of the power of speech. Finally with a gesture of impatience or despair he

sent Jayes about his business. I have never seen a man look so crestfallen as did Jayes as he turned away.

"Charles! They're coming!" cried Mabs, darting panic-struck from the window.

"My dear," I said, with assumed calm, "I do not think so. And, anyway, what does it matter if they are?"

But they didn't. They turned down the lane together, still in animated conversation—if that can be called conversation where one talks and the other listens!

An hour later Aunt Kitty returned—alone.

"Well," asked Mabs nervously, "what did he say?"

Aunt Kitty flung herself into the arm-chair near the fire. She was looking radiantly pleased with herself.

"It's all right," she assured us. "I've arranged everything. He's to build you an entirely new cottage with all the latest conveniences."

"No; but seriously?" pleaded Mabs.

Aunt Kitty nodded. "Seriously," she said. "He's a dear. But my good children, this must seem rather sudden to you. I must explain. Lord Torresforth is an old friend of mine. I knew him years ago—as the Honourable John Fortescue. Last time we met we both had grease paint on our faces. He was very nice about the roof. And—shall I tell you?—he has asked me to marry him. It's an old—almost a prehistoric romance. He has asked me twice before. But the third time's lucky, and I've accepted him. So you'll soon have a landlady to deal with as well as a landlord."



Communal Life

Will English People
Take to It?

By Grace Mary Golden

After the National Kitchen, the latest idea is Communal Living. It sounds economical and sensible—but will English people take to it? The writer doesn't think they will

A LITTLE while ago I read a story that dealt with the advantages of communal life. It drew a fascinating picture of a sort of glorified garden city (only more so), the inhabitants of which worked together, played together, paid together, and were happy as the day is long. A pretty picture—it made me quite enthusiastic! I read the story to a friend who I imagined might be equally roused. But her comment was succinct, expressive, and, I fear, vulgar. She said:

"I don't think!"

Pressed to expound her views more in detail she added:

Not for Ordinary People

"It would be quite all right if people weren't like—well, what they *are*! But imagine *ordinary* people in that up-to-date Utopia you've been reading about—ordinary, selfish, conceited, unsociable, ill-tempered folk. . . . Oh, yes, we are; otherwise, how is it that in hostels and communal flats and so on the room that nobody ever dreams of using is always the common room? I've lived in some, and I know."

I had to admit there was something in what she said. Of course, in theory we ought to be able to live in communities, and if we were all models of all the virtues and overflowing with brotherly love and all the rest of it we could; but then, when you get down to bedrock truth, how many of us really are, at any rate in the privacy of our own homes? I do not wish to argue that there is nothing at all in the communal idea. There is, provided it isn't carried too far. Communal kitchens have already proved a huge success in many districts, and it seems probable that they will continue to prove a boon and

a blessing even now the war is over. And other ideas will possibly prove quite sound when initial difficulties are overcome. The communal pig, for instance!

But enthusiasts are not content with a sphere of limited usefulness for their pet notion, and are proceeding to agitate for life to be run entirely on a communal basis. It would be so much more economical, they argue, particularly for middle-class establishments, effecting a saving not only of money but of energy. And so it would. The central heating of that ideal communal house, for instance, would save not only immense quantities of fuel, but also all the pottering round "doing" grates and dealing with gas-stoves. One shudders to think of the state of things that would obtain in the event of the central heating apparatus going wrong in the middle of a severe winter, but that, of course, is a side issue!

The communal dinner, too, served in the big communal dining hall, would mean economy of everything, fuel again, and labour as well as food.

The Disappearance of the "General"

Of course, too, it would solve the servant question to a large extent. (Though, indeed, some people might not think this an unmixed blessing, since it would deprive a large number of suburban housewives of one of their pet topics of conversation!) The small general would disappear, and her place would be taken by a staff of experts, whose wages—high, of course—would be paid by common subscription. Being experts they would do satisfactory work, and would not think that they were paid to stand and gossip with each other about what their young men said when they

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found they had been to the pictures with other young men, and what She said when they smashed half the best tea service, and what *they* said then.

On the other hand, they might have their disadvantages, and it might be awkward when Mrs. A—— took a dislike to the methods of the expert floor cleaner, and, finding her unwilling to accept correction, desired that she should never clean *her* floors again. The question would arise—Would Mrs. A—— have to continue to pay her share of wages without receiving the equivalent in clean floors, or would the entire community be forced to dismiss the cleaner—with whom the rest of them might be entirely satisfied—because of the prejudice of one?

If Cook made a Mistake!

And then, if one of the experts *did* make a mistake, it is obvious that the catastrophe would be a hundred times worse than that resulting from the mistake of one from whom we expect little. If an ordinary cook burns the porridge only one household suffers, but if the communal cook burnt the porridge . . . ! Also, if the communal cook were taken ill of a sudden, what a sad day it would be! Communal life is certainly only possible at all if everything runs on oiled wheels. So much for the servants.

In some ways communal life would be good for the children. One sees in one's mind's eye big common playrooms and open-air playgrounds, where the kiddies would have the advantage of every up-to-date improvement besides the fun of each other's company. One imagines them being properly looked after as well as being "out of the way" when mothers wanted to be busy, and thinks how the spoiling of the "one and only" child could be prevented by its finding its level among the members of the big, happy family. All very nice indeed, *but*— Well, instead of finishing that sentence, I will tell you a sad story.

A Sad Story

There were once three families, the Smiths, the Browns and the Robinsons (no, those are not their real names), the heads of which decided to try a communal holiday one summer. Each family was

blessed with a crowd of children, so they engaged a very superior and capable (and expensive) nursery governess who wanted a holiday job, gave her a reliable nurse-maid to help her, took a large house with big, airy rooms that could be used as night and day nurseries, and then proceeded to have a good time in their own way, feeling confident that the children were all right and that they need not worry about them every minute of the time. They played together, fed together, paddled together, had donkey rides together, picnicked together.

And then—one of the little Smiths started it—they *all* had measles together.

When the Children Caught Measles

Of course, it may be argued that children catch things from each other as it is, at school or out of doors, but then it is obviously easier to keep one's own family away from infection in such cases than it would be if the sickness were within one's gates. Also manners as well as health might at times suffer from constant association with the other children of the community. When one discovered that the new child who looked such a perfect little angel had nevertheless a vocabulary as extensively lurid as any Army sergeant's, what could one do? Leave him alone in possession of the common rooms and gardens? Or get him and his family evicted? And how would you prove that it was he who taught your little boy all those naughty words, if his mother insisted that he never knew any before he came to this abode of other bad little children?

We are not Gregarious

But, after all, the chief obstacle in the way of success is the fact that in the main the sweeping accusation I quoted earlier is undeniably true. We are not gregarious, take us all round, and the average Englishman resents the presence of anybody he doesn't know personally. His friends and acquaintances he tolerates, but he doesn't care to see too much even of them! Shops, railway carriages, trams, public parks—all the places his fellow-men have as much right to be in as he has himself—he prefers to find *empty*, and when he has taken possession of one such and someone else

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invades his "privacy," just watch his scowl! People of other nationalities fraternise to a much greater extent than we do; we are still more or less primeval.

Primitive man kept himself to himself in his own cave with his wife and his children and his dog (or whatever beast corresponded thereto), and his bits of sticks, and if his neighbours were so unwise as to come poking their noses where they had no business he just clubbed them over the head without any palaver, and they didn't do it again. And Man is really very much the same at heart now, though he has acquired a veneer of civilisation. He does not mind going out to dinner and being sociable from time to time in the company of his fellow-men, but he does hate *living* in public. He likes to be able to tell his wife what a fool she is, and to shout at

the children, without any wretched outsiders glaring at him as though he were the most awful brute on the face of the earth. And Woman likes to be able to potter round in curl papers and bedroom slippers, if she wants to, without people making uncalled-for remarks on the subject. (Of course, she never *does* it; it's just that she likes to know she can if she feels like it, you understand.)

Angels Only Need Apply

So, on the whole, it seems really unlikely that communal life will ever be a success where families are concerned, at any rate, simply because we should all need to develop characters rather more perfect than angels' to manage the details. And we are, unfortunately, so very unangelic still!



Lavender

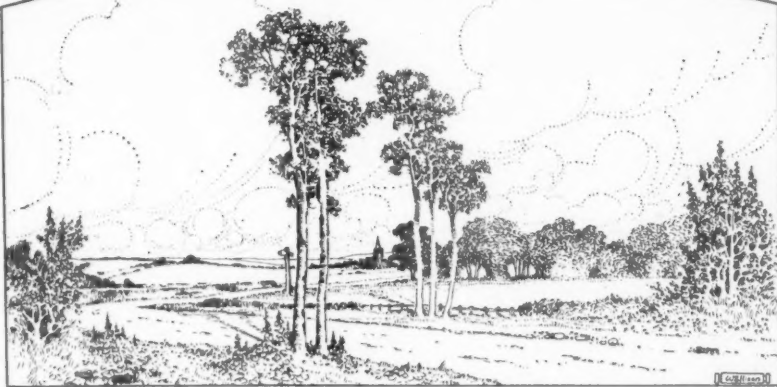
By
Ethel Talbot

"LAVENDER, sweet lavender!" So soft the sound comes blowing
Through the half-closed window on the half-chill ev'ning wind;
"Lavender, sweet lavender!"—then summer's really going!—
Going?—Is there anything that summer's left behind?

"Lavender, sweet lavender!" Come, lay it in your presses;
Let it rest in fragrance on the dead forgotten things.
"Lavender, sweet lavender!"—that sweetens, aye, and blesses—
"Come then, buy my lavender!" the pale street woman sings.

"Lavender, sweet lavender!" Then some day, in your leisure,
Ope your cases, lift the lids of things long laid aside;
And not only waves of grief will greet you, but a treasure—
Lavender—sweet memories—will meet you in a tide.

"Lavender, sweet lavender!" So soft the song came blowing
Through the half-closed window to my dreaming, dreaming mind,
That it seemed that half the woman's song was mine, unknowing,
And the room grew fragrant with the thoughts she'd left behind.



LIFE'S COMMON WAY

By John Oxenham

*"The daily round, the common task,
Should furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To lead us daily nearer God."*

WE have, most of us perhaps, been rejoicing in the novelty of holidays full of sunshine—not only Nature's actual sunshine, but to some extent, we will hope, mental and spiritual sunshine such as the years of war have denied us.

In war time we did indeed, on a reduced and meagre scale, make holiday also, since the human machine, like all other machines, needs its resting times if it is to do its work properly and well.

Under a Cloud

But on those holidays, no matter how brightly the sun shone, nor how crisply sweet the sea-wind blew, there was with us always the grim horror of what we knew was going on just across the water. Life was under a cloud with all of us. Some of us down in Kent even heard the dull growling thunder of the guns, and if anyone dear to us was over there our hearts were sore and heavy.

Now, with all the fervour of souls redeemed from death, we can thank God it is over—never in our time, or, we hope, as long as the world lasts, to be seen or heard again.

There are black enough possible storm-clouds hanging all about us still, but they are thin compared with those others which never ceased to belch forth death and destruction.

Unutterable Folly

And the world as a whole, whatever else it has failed to learn, has without doubt learned this invaluable lesson—that War is unutterable folly and wholly unprofitable, and that even victory may be bought too dear—that, purchased at such a price as we have paid, it is a sorrowful and pitiful thing.

For the world as a whole is made up of very ordinary individuals such as you and I, and in the future you and I and all the rest of us are going to have a much greater say in matters vitally affecting our welfare than has ever been the case hitherto.

The world will settle down again presently and by degrees. It has had a terrible bout of fever and malaria and general madness! But it still lives—poorer in many material ways; richer, we will hope, in possibilities at all events of better things to come. If, in its shortsightedness and lack of comprehension, it only settles down again into the old ruts and follies, it will be a very terrible thing for all of us and for all who come after us.

Unless there comes a desire, a universal

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desire, to settle upwards—to improve mightily on the past in every way, materially, mentally, spiritually—and, given the latter, all the rest will follow—all this awful sacrifice to what most of us believed the absolute necessities of a very hard case will have been thrown away. All that for which twenty-seven million men gave their lives and limbs will be utterly wasted.

That must not be! All that pain and loss cries aloud to God and His earthly instruments for a readjustment of vision and outlook and intention.

When we look upon the vast complex tangle of earthly things it seems a hopeless task to attempt any improvement. And to us it is. But what is impossible to man is always possible to God; man's extremity is God's opportunity, and the need of the world at present is extreme.

We can, however, all help, each in his or her own small sphere, to lift those around us to better things; and we not only can—we must, or our duty to God and our neighbour is left undone.

"I Serve!"

"I serve!"

*And though I do no more than keep the road,
And here and there help one to bear his load—*

"I serve!"

"I serve!"

*As He once served in lowliest estate,
I seek no more than Him to emulate—*

"I serve!"

"I serve!"

*And while my best to His concern I give,
No higher honour mine, the while I live—*

"I serve!"

"I serve!"

*And when, my little service done, I die,
On hope of greater service I rely.*

"I serve!"



Prayer

Come again into the hearts of men, O God. Let all men everywhere feel their need of Thee, for the incoming of Thy Spirit alone can save the world. May Thy Kingdom come! For Christ's sake. Amen.



Life's Common Way

Photo: W. Hill

The VELDT TRAIL

by
Gertrude Page

CHAPTER XVI

Camp Fires

THE voice in the distance was easily recognisable as Flip's. Evidently Elizabeth and he had become anxious, and decided to go in search of them.

"Hallo!" Jim shouted in reply, and at the sound Sybil roused herself and then blushed in the darkness, to find she had been dozing with her head against his shoulder. The bull roused himself too, and gave an angry snort.

"Are you there?" called Flip, coming in the direction of Jim's voice with his lantern.

"Stop!" Jim shouted. "Don't come any nearer."

"What's up?" came back the query. "Elizabeth is with me. We've been waiting for you for ages."

"One of the bulls was loose, and he ran us. We're in a tree. He's somewhere below. Where's Smoke?"

"Here, Inkaas," answered a voice, close at hand. "I look for Satan, he schelum" (rascal).

"You're a schelum yourself," Jim hurled at him. "Why the devil can't you look after the brute! Where have you been? Look out!" sharply, as Satan gave an angry bellow in the darkness.

"Is Sybil all right?" called Elizabeth anxiously.

"She's in the tree with me; don't come too near. Smoke is here. He must go and fetch some cows. Better send Zandonda (naming a house-boy) with him."

"And Moonlight!" called Sybil. "He'll run the campaign, if they'll let him."

"Have you been there long? We were

getting very worried," continued Elizabeth's anxious voice.

"It seems like half a lifetime. It's such a horrid, thin, little tree."

"How dreadful for you! We'll get help as quickly as possible." And the lantern went off with all speed, followed by Smoke.

So, once again, Sybil and Jim were alone, his arm still supporting her. Sybil waited for him to speak, wanting a lead. Would he—at last—meet her half way? She wished she could see his face, but he was looking away from her, and a chilliness seemed rising.

"I'm afraid you are dreadfully stiff and cramped," she said at last.

"Nothing to speak of. We shall soon be all right now."

It was almost the old frigid voice. Sybil marvelled. But she was ever daring.

"I believe I went to sleep against your shoulder. Did I?"

"You dozed off, I think. It was the strain of the shock and the run. You ought to go straight to bed as soon as you can."

There was a tense silence, then Sybil bravely but with a little hesitation:

"You sound rather cross still. Surely—after this—mutual danger—we can be friends?"

Her voice was very engaging. It thrilled along his veins, and a delicate scent that she used seemed to cloud his senses. All his manhood cried out for her, because of her nearness, and ever elusive, ever dangerous allurements. He wanted to crush her in his arms, and kiss her face all over. He felt almost as if some alien personality had taken possession of him. He did not know men could feel like this, nor life hurt as he was hurt now. It seemed utterly impossible

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that any reason could be strong enough to prevent him trying to capture her for his own. Or that anything in the wide world could matter as much as his sudden desperate longing to possess her. But the training of a lifetime does not vanish in one holocaust of surging desire. Always he had possessed the caution of his race. Somewhere at the back of his brain, caution still stood guard and waved a danger signal. "You are overwrought — overwrought — overwrought," hammered the sentinel caution. "Keep tight hold of yourself to-night, anyhow."

"Does it make much difference?" he asked, when he could trust his voice. "I think you have shown great courage, and I admire your pluck, if that is anything."

For a moment Sybil felt the dash of cold water, and knit her forehead in a puzzled frown under cover of the darkness. Then she became aware that his breathing was uneven, and that he stood taut as one enduring some great inner stress. Suddenly she seemed to realise that he was fighting tooth and nail against yielding to her, caught already in the meshes of a deeper feeling. She sat still as a mouse grasping all it meant. Then the strangeness of their position seemed to go to her head. In a flash she felt that she wanted him to let himself go. All the other men of her life seemed but half-men. He could dominate her if he would. And she—she would glory in his strength of mind and beauty of body, and take her chance for weal or woe. And this time no sentinel caution watched the citadel, and no red flag waved a warning. The underlying irresponsibility and rashness of Sybil's nature still held its ground, though the rough buffeting of that early false step might have taught her discretion.

In a few minutes the others would be back to rescue them. She had no time to study the pros and cons. She leant forward so that their heads almost touched, and the scent of her hair and all her sweetness swept his senses.

"What is the use of pretending?" she said. "You can't go on hating me, however much you try, can you?"

She felt him grow yet more rigid in the darkness, and twigs cracked where he grasped a branch with a grip of iron.

"And why should you? Do you think hate is so much better than—friendship?"

Speech left him altogether. The attack was so sudden, he felt his strength draining away like water, and his breath came in gasps.

"Well," she said simply. "We don't know anything about to-morrow—we have to-day—— Is hate worth while?"

And then poor, overworked caution lost his balance and vanished in the whirlpool of emotion.

Jim put both his arms round her and crushed her to him, pressing his lips on hers.



Two or three minutes later the boys came along with some cows, which they drove under the tree, and Satan, muttering rather savagely to himself, consented to be driven off with them to his kraal, where Smoke secured him as usual and stalled him. It transpired later that Smoke had gone to his village in the afternoon, leaving another boy to do his work. The second boy had managed Bonfire and Beatty and Kitchener, the other bulls, but Satan had been troublesome, so he just left him to follow his own devices, and retired to his hut, hoping no one would find out before Smoke came back; and as a matter of fact, when Jim first shouted, Smoke was looking for the truant.

When the cattle had gone Flip and Elizabeth appeared immediately, but Jim was already on the ground.

"Come now," he said tensely to Sybil, holding out his arms to her.

Then he lifted her bodily down, before the others could help. It was as if he had wanted her to realise his strength, and long afterwards Sybil thrilled at the memory of it.

Then Elizabeth clutched her with both hands.

"What a horrid time you must have had! I am so sorry."

"All's well that ends well," Sybil declared lightly, in a rather forced voice. "And this seems to have ended in Smoke—what!"

"She's very tired," Jim said quietly, and then to Sybil, "Should you like us to get the trap? You must be awfully stiff."

"I'd better try and walk it off, I think."

"Come along," said Flip, putting his arm under hers to help her forward.

"I must go and see that they get Satan in all right," from Jim. "The best thing Mrs. Lack can do is to go to bed at once."

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"Need you go?" Sybil asked, turning back a moment.

The darkness hid all faces, and she could not see the expression in his, as he replied ere he strode off—

"Yes, I must see that Satan does no further mischief. He is responsible for quite enough at present."

When they reached the camp, Sybil was glad enough to go to bed, and Elizabeth busied herself getting a light meal for her, and afterwards persuading her to eat it. She noticed as she did so how flushed her friend was, and that her eyes were unnaturally bright; and she wondered if the bull incident were entirely responsible, or whether anything had transpired in the tree between her and Jim.

Once she said lightly—

"I hope you and Jim did not quarrel up there in the tree?"

"Oh, no, we called a truce," Sybil told her, and vouchsafed nothing further. But she was glad when at last Elizabeth went away and left her in the dark, watching the stars through the open door, and living again those last wonderful moments when her enemy had shown himself very much a man after all.

And meanwhile, outside her hut, watching the flickering lights of their log fire, Flip sat with his hands behind his head very deep in meditation on his own account.

He and Elizabeth had had a delightful ride, but he had found his fair companion more baffling than ever, and was beginning to feel thoroughly unhappy about it. Why, he puzzled, did she seem so unapproachable? In all flippant chatter she would meet him half way, but after that she seemed continually on her guard.

He felt that in some way it was his own fault. Doubtless to her he was just a lazy idler, and though she was willing enough to frivol with him, she believed he had nothing within that appealed to her deeper nature. And it was Elizabeth's deeper nature that began to mean more to Flip than anyone's had ever meant before. That evening, when they reached the Umvukwes, they had tethered their horses, and sat in the dry grass looking across the world. Elizabeth had been a little more communicative than usual, though in the elusive way that was now most often her attitude. A little shyly, in answer to his questioning,

she had tried to tell him why she was able to find so much satisfaction in a life that was apparently empty of the things most girls enjoy.

"It is partly philosophy," she said, "and partly my ideas on religion."

"Then have you a religion of your own, you veldt-child?" he asked in his engaging way.

"Only in the sense that most of us have. When I was at school, and for a time afterwards, I had a sort of idea that God was a venerable old man with a flowing white beard who dwelt in the skies, and who sent all sorts of unpleasant trials to make us good, and would reward us with everlasting happiness if we bore the trials bravely and patiently and loved him in spite of them."

"And now?"

"Now I feel as if I had grown up. It is so difficult to explain. That was the era of the child's picture-book. When I came to Rhodesia, and lived here with all this beautiful sunshine and space all round me, I began to feel quite differently. I felt as if God were here, in myself, and in everything I could see, as a spirit. It took me some time to grapple with my new thoughts—they were so intangible; but I got into the habit of seeing God in everything, even the flowers and clouds as well as human beings, and gradually I knew that I was right, and He *is* in everything."

"You sound rather learned and serious, Elizabeth. I think I am a little afraid of you in this mood. I must seem an awfully worthless, frivolous kind of person to you."

"But that is just where you are wrong," she urged, still with shyness. "No one would seem that, because, don't you see, everyone has the spirit of God inside them, some more and some less. It isn't possible for me to judge you at all, or to judge anyone else."

"Then you would not judge a murderer, or a thief, or—or—the Kaiser!"

"I think I could try not to. But at the same time, I would not let a mad dog go free, because of the hurt he might do to other people." And then in a lighter voice: "Don't involve me in argument. One can't argue these things. Isn't it something, that I am happy and content in my mind about them? I'm not asking you to believe what I believe."

"Something!" he echoed. "Why, it is

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everything! Sometimes I've had the folly to feel rather sorry for you, buried away here, cut off from the world's gaiety, and then I see you, and your face is radiant, and I begin to feel sorry for myself instead. All the same, Elizabeth, I'll never believe a girl like you can be contented without love in her life," and he turned his head to look into her face.

But Elizabeth had schooled herself with the greatest care and determination.

"Perhaps there will be a time when I can't help myself wanting it," she said, "but I don't think I should mope and pine because I hadn't got it. I should try to be persuaded that the right time had not yet come, and I should try also to persuade myself to be happy with the good things that I had."

"It makes you seem very impregnable. As if your heart were so bolstered round with philosophical contentment, there was no way to get at it at all."

"Perhaps that is my good fortune," lightly. "Sometimes hearts can be very badly hurt when they are easily get-at-able. I must admit there are times when I think I should like to go to dances and parties in pretty dresses, and generally speaking have a little more variety; but I'm quite sure there are girls going to lots of dances who would love my gallops across the veldt, and all the delicious sunshine and fruit and freshness that I have instead. It's much better to think about the things one may well be envied, than to envy other people, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, Socratesia! Queen of Wisdom! Why wasn't every woman in the world made like you?"

She seemed not to hear him, and her eyes grew visionary.

"Some day," she said, gazing straight across the land, "I like to think there will be charming houses and lovely gardens dotted about these ranches—with tennis-lawns, and ball-rooms, and parks, and good roads for motoring, and heaps of jolly, happy girls and nice men, big homes and little homes, all friendly together, in a free, open life without too many conventions, and with as little as possible of envy, hatred and all uncharitableness. And Rhodesia a progressive, enlightened country, with no slums at all, and no unemployed, and no dreary, monotonous round for the workers.

Playing fields and sunshine and flowers for everyone, and plenty of books and interesting lectures on interesting subjects for those who enjoy them."

"Utopia! Oh, my dear child! Older and wiser heads than yours have dreamed dreams, and seen visions, only to die utterly disillusioned and more or less broken-hearted."

"No, no," she cried earnestly. "I don't believe it. The chief trouble has been wanting it all at once. Wanting to cure the ills of centuries in a few years. Of course it can't be done. But if everyone would do just the little, little bit they can—even if it is only being hopeful and helpful in their own small way, without troubling about the big problems—how tremendously it would help! And when I think about the jolly girls and boys who are to live here with their dances and tennis parties some day, I can feel quite glad about being one of those helping to make the trail for them in the beginning."

They rode home soon afterwards, quietly, through the evening light, and Flip felt full of a nameless unrest and longing, because all he had done in the invigorating company of other men on the battlefields seemed but a small thing now, compared to this one girl's gay courage, cut off from the stimulating arena of life. Of course he must seem the veriest "waster" to her; and so no doubt he was.

Then had followed the dawning anxiety about Sybil and Jim, followed by the search and discovery.

Finally the log fire and the flickering shadows and the sweet-smelling veldt round about.

Flip's fancy roved off, stimulated by his talk with Elizabeth, upon a fanciful illumination of log fires all down the long Trail of Civilisation for centuries. Always where man had carried his dominion, the trail of the log fires, like lamps of progress. From the farthest north to the farthest south, in every hemisphere, in every land, man, heralded first by the flickering gleams of the camp fire. And when men lay down and died beside the trail, so that only their bones were there to tell a stark story to those who came after, the ashes of his camp fire were sure to be not far away. And presently others would come to re-light it, the lamp of progress, and carry the trail a little farther.

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Never, at any period of the world's history, a trail cut short, which no man was willing to carry on. It was a wonderful thought—the courage and the undying grit of the human race. Agonies ending in death unable to deter them, bleached bones in a barren wilderness, on a barren shore, upon barren wastes, never able to stamp out effectually those lamps of progress, the camp fires of the trail-maker.

Flip stirred uneasily in his chair. Fox-trots and Jazz, tennis championships and polo cups, were these enough to fill even an athlete's life? Because he happened to have been left enough money to live on, was he to rest content with these things, varied perhaps with a little desultory travel to other lands, along the hotel-trail? If that were all he asked of Life, could he expect her to give him very much in return? Were life's best gifts ever given to the idler and the dilettante? Would his work on the European battlefields be counted unto him for worthiness through the rest of his life? Of course not. When did Nature ever rest from her labours and say "I have done enough"? When did any growing thing reach a stage in which it could say "I will make no further effort," without at once deteriorating? Work, no matter of what kind, is the very salt of life. "By the sweat of thy brow" a boon and not a curse.

Then what should he do?

Of course he must take Sybil for the remainder of their tour as promised, but after that he would be free. Would he ever again be content to idle in a life of much pleasure and little effort, while his veins ran free with youth and energy? Was the pleasure-trail alone worth while after all?

The flames leapt and glowed and flickered as a half-burnt log fell forwards. It was like an impetus and a challenge to the train of his thoughts. A good day's work with Lyall, riding round the cattle, doctoring any that were sick, superintending the ploughing and planting of their food, the making of the kraals, the irrigation furrows, the tobacco beds, with a hot bath, a change, and a good dinner at the end of it in a cosy bungalow of one's own building, varied with an occasional jaunt after big game—when had anything in the life of the leisured rich given him a warmer glow of satisfaction than these? Of course there were plenty of

worries thrown in, worries of cattle diseases, careless incompetent natives, too much or too little rain, and countless other things; but were they not all in the day's work? What walk in life was going to give a smooth, untroubled pathway?

The flames dropped down till there was only a glow in the heart of the logs, and the silence and softness of the night all round him.

And in that softness and sweetness came the crowning thought of Elizabeth.

He leaned forward and stared into the glowing embers, and his mind framed the wordless thought—"A life like that, with Elizabeth."

Motionless as the trees about him he sat, while the utter sweetness of the thought pervaded all his being. Elizabeth with her sunshine and her glad content, always there. His own special bit of heaven—his wife.

But all too soon his dream clouded over. How could he with his record of careless, idle self-pleasing, ever hope to win such a girl as Elizabeth? His mind roved over it all, sitting there by the fire. He knew that in his own set he was regarded as hopelessly a flirt. Not a man who went out of his way to win affection heartlessly; but one who met advances half way for the amusement of it, or made them carelessly, whither his fancy roved, *pour passer le temps*.

To do him justice he knew that the girls of his set were more than able to take care of themselves, and met him in exactly the same spirit. He knew that they understood how much and how little he meant. It had been a pastime, thrown in with all the rest of the pleasure-round, and meaning nothing. If he excelled perhaps it was not entirely to his discredit. It might mean that he possessed a more engaging personality than fell to most men, and a greater readiness on the part of the other sex to come to that half-way meeting-place.

But how should Elizabeth understand that? with her simple codes, her honest eyes, her transparent sincerity.

What could he hope to appear to her after all but a mere "drifter," well enough content to frivol away most of his life? An idle, good-for-nothing sort of blighter, he called himself, in his inward searching, fond of clothes, over-fond of games, who had never done an honest day's work.

Feeling thoroughly depressed he rose at

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last, and went to his tent to go to bed. But no hope or kindly sleep came to his pillow. Through the open flap he stared at the stars, and every passing minute only seemed to make her dearer, and at the same time carry her farther away. And he knew well enough, lying there, that it was no mere fanciful dream capturing his senses for the moment. Flippant and frivolous he might be, but not a man of uncertain mind, blowing hither and thither with every wind. He knew without any smallest shadow of doubt that he loved Elizabeth, and that joyfully indeed would he take up work in Rhodesia if it pleased her. But he also thought he knew that she had only a kindly liking for his companionship. He thought he saw through that baffling manner of hers at last. She would not let him be too friendly for fear the very thing should happen that had happened. Elizabeth would not hurt a fly if she could help it. Certainly she would never let an idle, somewhat foppish young man, named Algernon of all absurd, hateful names, hurt himself by falling in love with her, under any misapprehension that it was worth while.

Having reached which stage in his cogitations it did not take him long to go on to the next and perceive that, obviously at present, the only possible thing to do was to try and make it worth while. If he could convince Elizabeth that he was not quite such an idle, worthless blighter after all, why—who could foretell the future! At least he believed her heart-whole. He had a clear start with anyone else. It remained chiefly to show his mettle. After which point arrived at, he began to feel a little happier. In fact, a tiny glow suddenly appeared to shine in the darkness. He realised that to have an object in life was in truth a very comforting thing. Something to aim at, a quest of his own to follow undeterred by thoughts of success or failure in the present. The quest would be its own guerdon. The rest could wait. In the starlight he blessed Elizabeth that she had given him even this much. He felt it a greater gift than had ever been given to him before, except the gift of life. Ah! he would show her—he would amaze her with his thoroughness and capacities when he chose to use them. And then, one sunny day, when she was lost in amazement and

secret approval, he would sweep her off her feet with his love, and capture her almost before she knew what was happening.

The picture pleased him so much that in the end he fell asleep almost with a smile on his lips. For Flip was far too honest not to know he had a way with him that captured hearts, and if he could present himself to Elizabeth in the colours she approved, he felt that "a will to conquer" might well do the rest.

And no doubt two kindly spirits, meeting somewhere in mid air, clasped hands and smiled gleefully. Because Elizabeth was gazing at stars also, and feeling her fine courage at a very low ebb, since no amount of philosophy or Higher Thought would help her to control her unruly heart, and prevent it aching and aching for the love of just one man and the clasp of just one pair of arms she believed denied to her because she was neither clever, nor original, nor pretty enough to attract his wandering fancy.

One might imagine those two gleeful spirits saying something to each other in this wise: "Well! What with your dull, countrified maiden, and my idle, worthless blighter, we really ought to accomplish a lived-happy-ever-after fairy tale this time."

CHAPTER XVII

Tell-Tale Tears

ALTHOUGH Sybil was none the worse for her adventure, it was undeniable that she woke the next morning feeling restless and nervy. In truth she was full of surmise as to how Jim would meet her after the incident in the tree, and if he would straightway capitulate. Some little inner voice warned her that he would not, but she was loath to believe it, and told herself that he would.

And no sooner had she come to this decision, than other voices asked her what she proposed to do if he did? Concerning this also she was very much in two minds. Did she love Jim, or was it only a desire to conquer his uncompromising disapproval? In truth she hardly knew, and the knowledge of her own uncertain-mindedness was irritating to her. Then Flip returned to the camp, after seeing Jim at breakfast.

"Lyall has gone to Salisbury," he informed her.

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"Gone to Salisbury!" she echoed, taken aback. "Whatever for?"

Flip noticed her surprise, but made no comment.

"A sudden inspiration to see some cattle to be sold by auction. He said, if I would keep an eye on things here, including Elizabeth, he should be glad to take the chance to go on to another auction at Bulawayo. Of course I said I would."

"And is he going?"—pretending to busy herself looking for an imaginary article among some newspapers.

"I think so. I said I would do my best. We called up Gorodamo, and Lyall told him he was to report to me, and he explained the few things that were necessary. It was left that he would stay in Salisbury to-night, anyhow; and if he does not come back to-morrow we shall know he has gone to Bulawayo." After a pause he added—"He asked how you were after last night, and hoped you were none the worse."

Sybil gave her head a little angry toss. She was intensely mortified that he had not come across to see how she was in person, and that he should go away in this sudden, inexplicable fashion. Or was it so very inexplicable?

It answered her questioning in one sense, for obviously he would not capitulate at once. He would even let his precious ranch run the risk of harm through his sudden absence rather than that.

At the moment there was nothing for her to do but grin and bear it, but suddenly the ranch acquired a dreary aspect, and she felt the hours would hang heavily.

"I'm going to ride to see a sick cow at the Sasi Kraal," Flip told her. "Lyall wants me to make sure that the boy gives her her medicine. Gorodamo will meet me there at half past eleven. Will you come?"

"I think it is too hot. Fancy you with a sick cow in your care, Flip!" and she smiled. "You will become quite a rancher."

"I'm not sure it isn't my one ambition in life," he answered lightly. "Why not come with me? It isn't hotter than usual."

"Is Elizabeth going?"

"No. She says she is always busy on Monday mornings; goodness knows what with."

"I believe most well-brought-up people are busy on Monday mornings. I expect we should be if we weren't—what we are!"

"Well, come with me," he urged, thinking she looked a little bored. "After all, it's partly your cow!"

"Why, of course! I hadn't thought of that! I will come. It won't take me many minutes to get ready." Later, as they started off—"I'm not sure if I approve of my partner going off so suddenly without a word of explanation."

"He doesn't appear to have explained much to anyone. Elizabeth is very puzzled. She has never known him go off like this before."

Flip had a shrewd idea there was a connecting link with the bull incident of the previous evening, but Sybil knew her own affairs best, and he never intruded upon them. But he noticed that she was *distrain* as they rode, and that something had made her prettier than usual. And Lyall had been a little different also, speaking rather tersely and refusing to meet his eyes, as a man suffering under some mental strain. He looked as if he had not slept all night, but when Flip spoke of it he turned the question aside brusquely and gave all his attention to the ranch. He would have asked Elizabeth, but she seemed only to elude him, with this Monday morning overplus of occupation, and finally he was left with a puzzled air, as of happenings going on around him which he could not get the drift of.

But he did not let the air of mystery damp his delight in his morning's work. The ride across the veldt, now a fresh vivid green of young sugar bush, was a real joy, and the gay spring colouring on the trees was very beautiful against the background of blue distance. Onto the dogs put up two riet buck, and they reined in their horses to watch the graceful creatures leaping and bounding gracefully through the sugar bush—keeping well ahead of the dogs, and apparently enjoying the chase.

"Aren't they lovely!" Sybil cried. "It does seem a shame ever to shoot them."

"It's a fine life, you know?" Flip suggested. "I've a mind to throw in my luck with Rhodesia."

"Why not?"—lightly. "I suppose you ought to do something."

"And if you marry Horace Helmsley, I shall be pretty badly left in the lurch—what!"

"I am not going to marry Horace."

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"Yesterday I thought you were, in order to go to Khartum by airship."

"I was only waffling. Queenie would never let me. She'd forbid the banns, because he is so bad-tempered, or something."

"Perhaps Lyall would accept me as a partner instead of you?" glancing into her face.

"I expect he'd be only too glad to, if I'd let him!" with a light laugh. He said nothing, and presently she ran on: "Oh, you would never settle out here, Flip. It is much too dull for you. And besides, what would become of me, in London?"

"I expect you'd end by marrying 'Auntie,' if Helmsley would let you, and Queenie had her way."

"I don't think I'll bother about any of them," petulantly. "Let's have a canter," and she touched up her horse.

All afternoon she lay on her bed, but at tea-time her restless mood took her across to the Homestead to see Elizabeth, to find to her astonishment that Elizabeth had gone off into the veldt, taking her tea with her. The house-boy, who gave the information, could tell her nothing further.

The *Inkosikaas* had gone and had taken tea, that was all he knew. She would be back by and by. So Sybil could only return to the camp and tell Flip, with a slightly aggrieved air, as she added—

"I should love to have gone with her."

"Evidently she wanted to go alone," he replied. "I noticed the dogs had all vanished, and Puck was not in his tree. What would you like to do after tea?"

"I shall write to Higgy about Satan. I don't think I'll tell her he's a bull. She'll think the old gentleman himself chased us up a tree. Can't you see her, rushing off with the letter to Queenie? Dear old Higgy!"

Finding she seemed quite content to amuse herself, Flip decided to stroll up to the Wave Kopje to see if by chance Elizabeth had taken her tea to their usual haunt, and by luck he came upon her unheard, for the attention of all the dogs was much engaged at the moment with a couple of rock rabbits, dodging them among the boulders. Elizabeth was leaning against a boulder herself, gazing straight before her, and she had not the slightest idea that Flip was approaching behind. She imagined he would be away

on his horse to some kraal or paddock, as Jim would have been, and feeling too busy to think about her at all.

It was nothing new for her to take her tea up the Wave Kopje, if her brother happened to be away, as she preferred it to having tea at the house alone; and having seen Sybil and Flip as they returned from their ride, and ascertained that Sybil was none the worse for her adventure with the bull, she felt free to follow her fancy for one of the old jaunts.

Only, somehow, the savour of the old days was sadly missing, and she wondered a little mournfully if her care-free heart would ever come back to her. At the moment, having only a very youthful knowledge of life, it seemed unlikely. One has to live a good many years to learn how tenderly life remakes even the saddest hearts, with her own alchemy of new hopes, new joys, and new knowledge.

To Elizabeth, in that very youthful knowledge of hers, it seemed as if this wayward love for Flip must cast its shadow over many years to come; and even if her courageous philosophy enabled her to be gay and cheerful as before, yet at moments like these, when she could be just her own self, the ache would dim the sunshine around. Suddenly tears welled up into her eyes, and she saw all her beloved kopjes in a mist.

And just at that moment of all others Flip stepped quietly round the boulder, with a word of gay greeting on his lips: to find it die away into a sort of gasp of amazement when he discovered Elizabeth the cheerful, Elizabeth the Philosopher, with big tears in her eyes, just about to brim over. Few things in Flip's life had surprised him more. To keep one's presence of mind in the sudden shock of an exploding shell was a small thing to him, compared to this. Exploding shells had an amazing faculty of merging themselves more or less into one's daily life, provided they were not too near; but such a circumstance as tears in the eyes of Elizabeth so out-distanced probability that he was momentarily dumbfounded. Elizabeth, for her part, brushed them quickly aside, and tried valiantly to smile, as if it were nothing in the world but a little favourite pastime when she was alone.

But in the first shock, both his and hers,

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there had been one of those rarest of all moments, when it is as if two souls suddenly meet, free of all encumbrances of bodies and minds, and read the mysterious tablets of the heart through two pairs of eyes.

Flip spoke first.

"Child"—he breathed incredulously—"were you crying?"

To deny it would be useless, so, with a strangely beating heart, she tried to recapture her usual frank manner and answered:

"It was only over a thought—nothing serious."

For a second or two Flip looked fixedly into her face, as if there were something he felt he must try to read there. She tried to meet his eyes, but her gaze fell before his, and a tell-tale colour spread from chin to brow. At last he spoke, and the declaration that he made was in the simple, manly language that the few who knew him well would have expected of him.

"I'm going to tell you something, Elizabeth. I didn't mean to five minutes ago because I believed it would be no earthly use at present. Now I'm not so sure. You've been such a baffling veldt-child the last few weeks, I haven't known in the least what to believe. Sitting over our log fire last night, I decided that you thought me nothing but an idle, useless sort of fellow, and that there wasn't the ghost of a chance you would ever think anything else unless I proved it, by showing you I could work, when I'd a mind and an object. I felt that until I had proved it, I'd no right to speak to you of love, or expect you to listen to me if I did."

From rosy red she suddenly turned pale, and a delicious tremor shook her from head to foot. She felt that if she looked up she would see all the world spinning round in a dance of mad ecstasy, and she caught her breath and pressed her hands against the granite to steady herself.

Reading all her sudden stress of mind, still with incredulous eyes, he exclaimed—

"Elizabeth! Child! I believe you've been caring all the time! For me!—I seem to have loved you ever since the first week we were here! But you have been so prickly and elusive, it seemed impossible to get near your real self—and so I thought—Elizabeth"—touching a chain of beads she wore round her neck—"if you care the least little bit, why have you behaved

like this, and kept me always at arm's length?"

Elizabeth gave her answer to the little ferns, growing sturdily at their feet.

"You told me never to take you seriously—you—you—warned me against yourself—how was I to know! . . ."

"Oh, you dear little fool!" he cried suddenly, and pinned her up against the hard granite, while he took her head in his hands and kissed her lips. "Do you hear what I say, you foolish baby-thing? Couldn't you see I was half-joking? Haven't your eyes and heart told you anything since! Here have I been straining every nerve to make you understand that I am utterly your slave, and you had the impertinence to suppose that I was merely trifling. How dare you! How dare you, I say, admit to anything so monstrous!"

She raised her eyes now, and their faith and joy and love were beautiful.

"I daren't think anything else. I—I—it didn't seem possible, in any case, that you could ever love a commonplace girl like me."

"Commonplace!" indignantly, and then: "Oh, my dear child! And there was I, over the log fire only last night, wondering if I could ever, ever, make myself into the sort of man-thing you would condescend to marry!" He took both her hands in his. "Say you are sorry, Elizabeth. Say—I am very sorry I was so silly, and I will love you all my life to make up for it."

Elizabeth still felt overpowered, but she managed to meet his eyes shyly, her own brimful of love and wonderment and a little mischief.

"I am not sorry at all, but I will love you all my life because I can't help it."

Then Flip took her hands in his again and kissed her eyes and lips.

"You precious veldt-child! God do so to me, and more also, if I do not love you with my soul, and worship you with my body, for ever."

Then, through a half-hour borrowed from Paradise, they sat on the top of the kopje and watched the lovely lights, and did and said all the foolish things still done and spoken by foolish lovers, who in these borrowed hours are wise with the wisdom of the ages, in that they become as little children, and in so doing enter a kingdom of heaven upon earth. A kingdom close

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barred against the sophist, the materialist, and the modern scientist, who can only bring to the portals probing minds, and be left outside arguing in the porch.

After which blissful half-hour, a very small monkey took upon himself to bring the foolish pair back to earth with something of a flop, by springing upon Flip's shoulder and commencing a careful examination of his head.

"Here, you!" cried Flip wrathfully. "Leave my head alone. Hearts are trumps just now."

Whereupon Puck jumped lightly to Elizabeth's lap, and sat there making grimaces at him.

"I protest!" Flip declared. "How is the most adoring lover in the world going to make beautiful speeches to his adored, with that imp of Satan sitting in her lap making faces at him?"

Elizabeth laughed, and a world might have listened gladly to the utter content in her voice.

"He thinks it is time we were going home, and I'm much afraid he is right."

Even as she spoke Greylady came and rested her head against her mistress's arm, and the two Airedales approached with lolling tongues, looking as if they had just had the time of their lives.

Luwanika, the small dog of overbearing importance, snarled at Greylady for coming so close, and put his fore-paws upon Elizabeth's knee, whereupon Puck, who had no love for him, tweaked his ear and sprang chattering to Flip's shoulder. Luwanika looked his disgusted disdain, and Elizabeth rose to her feet.

But before they started homewards Flip detained her a moment longer—to see the sunset lights reflected in her eyes, he said. Then his voice became suddenly of ineffable sweetness. "You veldt-child that I love, when will you marry me? Need we wait?"

"Oh, I don't know!" hiding her face against his arm. "I couldn't desert Jim suddenly."

"But it won't be deserting if I come out here—at least not altogether."

"Oh, that seems *too* beautiful," with shining eyes, "to have you and Rhodesia as well," looking round with a gaze that loved the scene. "But could you be contented and happy out here—after—your gay life?"

"Men don't love gaiety when they can get better things, Sweetheart. And most of them, I think, would love this free, healthy life on a beautiful ranch with you."

Then they went quietly home, linked arm in arm, and presented themselves to Sybil.

She saw them coming, and it was as if an illumination on their faces told her the whole story. As they approached she stood up and took a step to meet them.

"Oh, you darling infants!" she exclaimed. "You look as if you had decided to marry each other."

"Right first time!" smiled Flip. "But if you had given me the chance I would have presented my future wife with a ceremony befitting the occasion."

Sybil was already hugging Elizabeth.

"You dear, lucky child," she said, "and Flip's lucky, and I'm lucky, and there never was such a lovely fairy tale before. Elizabeth fast asleep among the kopjes, and a gay young man sailing over the seas to kiss her, and wake her up, and then an ever-after finish. It's just lovely, isn't it! Higgy will weep with ecstasy, and then play doleful hymns to cheer herself up."

After which they all went across to the Homestead for dinner, and stayed until bedtime, when Elizabeth was seen safely into her room, with the seven dogs on guard round about the veranda.

CHAPTER XVIII

A Second Encounter

IT was not until the following Sunday, six days after his departure, that Jim returned to the ranch.

Flip saw him riding up to the Homestead, and went across at once to report on proceedings during his absence, and to announce that, with his consent, Elizabeth and he wished to be engaged.

Lyall looked none the better for his trip. His eyes were hollow and heavy, and he seemed listless. The news cheered him up a good deal, but only for the time being, and later he seemed like a man oppressed in mind and spirit. He was genuinely delighted that Flip loved Elizabeth and proposed to stay in Rhodesia, though, as Flip explained, he must take Sybil home



“Oh, you darling infants! You look as if
you had decided to marry each other”

Drawn by
Norah Schlegel

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first, and make certain arrangements about realising his capital.

He wanted to start at once, and take Elizabeth with them, but over this matter Elizabeth was very firm, and declined to leave Jim in haste, to look after himself. She said she should like to come to England about Christmas time to be married, and Jim to come with her for the wedding. At first, Jim said he could not possibly leave, but when it was urged upon him that he had not been home for ten years, and he could quite well take three or four months' holiday and be all the better for it, he consented to think it over and look out for a reliable man to manage in his absence. Nothing was said about Flip taking Sybil's share in the ranch, as Sybil felt undecided in her own mind and wished it left for the present.

Her state of feeling towards Lyall was chaotic.

One moment she believed she loved him and was ready to marry him if he asked her; and another she realised she was utterly unsuited for Rhodesian life, and could only marry him if he would consent to live in England, which was a most unlikely proposition. When Flip told her he could see him arriving at the Homestead she felt foolishly glad, and waited impatiently for the afternoon when she would be sure to meet him. But before the afternoon came she felt jumpy and anxious, because it seemed so strange he should have gone off to town, with never a word, after the circumstances of their last meeting. She was puzzled and curious as to how he would meet her now, with the memory of that kiss in the tree.

And when at last they met, she found him greeting her exactly as if nothing had happened at all, and showing precisely the old chilly manner.

"How d'ye do?" he said, and shook hands perfunctorily. "I hope you are pleased with this great piece of news about Elizabeth and your brother?"

"Of course I am pleased, delighted—who wouldn't be to have Elizabeth for a sister-in-law!"

"I am glad it is so. They stand a good chance to be happy. Better than most couples anyhow."

"I wonder why you say that?" she asked him, with unabashed eyes.

"Well," curtly, "I'm not a marrying

man myself, and I think it's all a lottery. But Elizabeth and Captain Beaumont look like prize-winners."

"You will have to try and call him Flip," she remarked dryly.

In truth, he was more puzzling than ever. No man ever kissed a woman as Lyall had kissed her and was wholly indifferent to love. Sybil's belief was that he had in him the elements of a great passion; a love that, once given, would level all obstacles and survive all set-backs. Then why this resolute refusal to swim out on the tide? She longed to ask him point-blank, which was ever her way in difficulties, but he frustrated every attempt she made to come to an understanding, and avoided her more assiduously than before.

And yet, somehow, Sybil felt sure that he loved her. That whether he would or no, the little god had aimed an arrow that transfigured him beyond redemption. She knew that his eyes followed her, as if drawn irresistibly against all his chosen judgment; and it was not difficult for anyone observing him with insight to perceive that he was suffering mentally.

And indeed there were moments when Jim could scarcely endure the sight of Flip's and Elizabeth's blissful joy in each other. When he had run away that Monday morning, it had been after a night of bitter warfare with himself. A night in which, looking back, it seemed to him that Sybil had held his senses from the first, whether he approved of her or not. He remembered vividly his first shock of surprise when he saw her. The youthful, open face, the gay inconsequence, the fearlessness with which she faced his pronounced displeasure. However wrathful he had felt, underneath there had been admiration, and every week had but quickened it. But this was the very thing that made him more resolute to resist her. Of course Owen Lack had been caught in the same way. Against his better judgment he had yielded to the siren, loved her and married her, to be deserted by her in twelve months. What she had done before she could do again. For any man to let himself fall in love with her and ask her to marry him after his eyes had been opened as his, Jim's, had been, was too great a folly to contemplate. And even had it not been so, no man in his senses (unconsciously using her own words) would ask anyone

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like Sybil, with her love of life and gaiety, to share his existence on a lonely Rhodesian ranch.

She was not of the stuff of Trail-makers, anyone could see that, and for her own sake as well as his the sooner they passed out of each other's lives the better. And then the bitter-sweet memory of the moment when their lips met would rack him afresh, and all his strong soul panted for her.

He felt only certain of one thing, and that was the necessity to end as quickly as possible the present situation. By any influence available, Sybil and Flip must be urged to depart. He felt that absence alone would help him to regain his equilibrium, and find again that peace and satisfaction which his life had held before they came.

Elizabeth's affectionate eyes perceived that some stress was hurting him and that when she spoke of the brother and sister leaving he seemed relieved; which point she discussed with Flip. Flip shrewdly guessed at the truth, but he refrained from speaking of it, and only suggested that Jim was a little upset at the thought of losing her, Elizabeth, and would like to have her to himself for a little longer. Elizabeth shook her head, but agreed that it would be as well for Sybil and Flip to leave now, and she would follow to England in two or three months, to be married, bringing her brother with her, if it could be arranged.

Once Flip tried to question Sybil, but she would not be drawn and refused to discuss Lyall at all. In truth she too was restless and perplexed. Uncertain of herself, uncertain of anything, except that something about Jim's masterfulness and manliness held her, whether she would or no, and that his present avoidance hurt her more than she would have believed possible. It was apparent to her also that in the present circumstances separation was the only course. Once apart, both she and Jim could better learn what was in their own minds, and could readjust themselves to cope with the new situation created by Elizabeth marrying Flip.

Yet never at any moment did Sybil regret what had passed over the bull incident. Just because Jim posed more or less as adamant to her sex, and believed himself above the follies of weak-minded men, she was glad had been torn the bandages from his mind, to show him he had fiercer

feelings than most, when once they were aroused. As to the future she felt herself a fatalist. If he wanted her enough, he would presently awaken to the fact that she had to be won, and for both their sakes she would not let the winning be too easy. If, for the sake of a prejudice, he let her go, she would try to forget him quickly, back in the scenes of her old life.

So there was no resistance when an early date was fixed for departure, and the Cairo trip given up in favour of a return to England so that Flip might make his arrangements to take up a ranching life in Rhodesia.

But there was a genuine chorus of regret from all the neighbours, who had greatly appreciated their stay, and much wailing at the prospect of saying farewell.

"Anyhow you must stay long enough for the Farmers' Meeting at Tweedsdale," they urged, and Sybil and Flip agreed to do so. The Farmers' Meeting was a gathering of all the colonists in the neighbourhood, and represented a Farmers' Association with membership and a chairman. The meeting took place once a month at one of the members' homesteads, and as the whole company had to be entertained to lunch and tea, there were members who had been known to rejoice when it rained so fast that only a few stragglers turned up, as the commissariat question is always a difficult one.

On the other hand, they formed, for many of them, the one outing of the month, and a good deal of good-natured chaff among the members, coupled with the pleasure of airing all grievances, imaginary and otherwise, made them an acceptable interlude for those who had few other chances for an outing.

It must be confessed that when the meeting took place at Tweedsdale, there was room for a good deal of speculation as to what the commissariat would consist of. It had been known to be a lump of old cow; and once when one of Colman's horses died, he had received a polite intimation that the Farmers' Meeting would not take place on his ranch until it was known the natives had eaten up all the flesh.

Upon this particular occasion, however, the young ranchers fairly spread themselves in an effort to do honour to the farewell banquet, and two fowls, a sucking-pig, and a joint of beef graced the baronial table.

But the star turn, as it happened, was

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"She found him greeting her exactly as if nothing had happened at all"—p. 926

Drawn
by
Norah Schlegel

contributed by Paget's horse, which, having bucked him off twice when starting, now refused to allow him to dismount. It caused quite a sensation, as neither would he let anyone hold his head, and an interested group watched from the veranda. All the neighbourhood was there—Mr. and Mrs. Blandwell, Summer, Lightway, Polling, Gordon, Peakage, the Silversmiths, the Birkdales, Dobbie of Ballymeath, who had brought the Carrekers with him, and others. Several members re-met for the first time after serving on one or other of the battle-fronts, while some had made the final sacrifice and would come no more.

"Ladies and gentlemen," called Colman's

voice. "The luncheon is served."

"Golly!" remarked Dobbie, when he beheld the well-filled table, and stood smoothing the hair on the back of his head, lost in astonishment.

"Thought I couldn't do it," jeered Colman delightedly.

"You're not the only one who can swank with sucking-pigs and such-like!"

"I'll bet the old sow laid on it," came the quick retort. "And I expect a hawk killed the fowls."

"You be quiet, Dobbie," put in Polling. "Anyhow, he bought the sirloin from me, and I shot

the bullock myself, so we know it isn't cow."

"You shot it!" laughed Carreker; "to save its life, I'll bet!"

"Mrs. Lack," inquired Paget politely, "will you have some sucking-pig that's been laid on?"

"Or some sirloin that was shot to save its life?" added Carreker.

"When you've done taking liberties with my table!" remarked Colman, the principal host.

"It's a shame, Mr. Colman," cried Elizabeth. "I call it a perfectly gorgeous spread."

"So do I," echoed Mrs. Blandwell. "It's a great credit to you."

"Where's the Yorkshire pudding and horse-radish sauce?" asked Dobbie, attacking again.

"If you don't mind, you won't get anything, soon," retorted the host.

"I think you're all very rude," put in Sybil. "Never mind, Mr. Colman. Flip and I will tell them in London you're a genius at entertaining."

"I'm only afraid," added Elizabeth, "that you'll all be too sleepy and well-fed to cope with Captain Roberts at the meeting this afternoon. He's going to demolish three amendments and produce two new ones."

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"I doubt if he'll turn up," from Peakage, 'his new bull is sick."

Meanwhile Jim Lyall took little part in the frivolity. Seated next to Mrs. Blandwell, he only spoke occasionally, and he ate very little, looking tired and rather stern. Sybil noted it with a mixture of gladness and compassion, while she flirted gaily with Colman and Dobbie. Dobbie insisted he should propose her as a member of the Association at the afternoon meeting, and asked her if she had formed any opinion yet on dipping cattle, as that was to form the principal subject of debate. Sybil, in a wicked mood, said she would rather pass an opinion on bulls.

"But do please make me a member of your Association," she added; "then I can put M.F.A. after my name, and it's so fashionable nowadays to have letters of some sort. No one will know what it means, which won't matter in the least, and anyhow they can't call it the 'Order of the Blind Eye.'"

"You ought to have a little bull token on your sleeve," they told her, "like the Tank Corps, and the torpedoed sailors; and call it the Order of the Savage Bull, because you own one, for the good of the Empire in her far-flung dominions."

"I love him," she declared emphatically. "Nearly every evening I go to a safe vantage ground to watch Smoke, with his long stick, hook him on the end of it and lead him to his stable. Smoke drives him to some trees first, and there they play about with each other. Smoke saunters up behind trees, and Satan pretends to feed, then suddenly he makes a little rush, and Smoke dances off, and I grow rigid with excitement. It takes Smoke half an hour to hook him, and it's thrills all the time—and I believe those two darling devils are thoroughly enjoying themselves."

"I guess you didn't enjoy yourself up in that tree for an hour," someone suggested, laughing.

"Oh, I don't know!"—airily. "The branches were a little thin to sit on, and Satan was a dreadful fidget, but on the whole I wouldn't have missed it." She glanced covertly at Jim, and added: "No, I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

Then running on, in her own gay fashion: "I used to think it was quite interesting to own a prize Pekinese in London, but

heavens! it's absolute piffle to owning a pedigree bull in Rhodesia! I'm not going to buy any more expensive hats and frocks when I get home, but save up my money to buy a beautiful pedigree wife for him. And I shall call her Cleopatra, because we all know that Cleopatra went to the devil."

"Look 'ere, Mrs. Lack," declared one of the party. "If you'll come out 'ere to stay, we'll guarantee to make you the first lady member of our Legislative Council. Then you can put M.L.C. after your name, as well as M.F.A.; and I'll lay two to one with anybody that you'll bear the letters with greater distinction than fifty per cent. of the members we generally 'ave."

There was a chorus of "Hear! Hear!" and someone thumped the table and cried "Speech!"

"I can't speech," declared Sybil, "but I can promise you one thing. If ever I grace that august Council, there'll be such an outcry from the mines over the favouritism shown to agriculture, that they'll have to import Diana Mannerisms at least, to help them to hold their own!"

"And it will all end in a free fight!" said Dobbie. "Gad! I hope I'll be there! What do you say, Carreker? Give 'em a real Orange night, wouldn't we!"

"Faith! an' I reckon they'd want the Red Cross handy," drawled Carreker, in a brogue that set them all laughing as they rose from the table.

The farmers then held their meeting, all trying to look very solemn and serious, but the imposing gravity was badly wrecked when a young Dutch farmer, holding forth upon 'a certain breed of sheep suitable for the neighbourhood, remarked that undoubtedly there would be a good market for their fleeces.

Sybil, who had shown exemplary behaviour outwardly up to that moment, inquired loudly in tones of feigned astonishment:

"Is there a market for fleas in Rhodesia?"

From that moment the meeting became a mere travesty, and no one paid the slightest attention when Captain Roberts, who had turned up in spite of his sick bull, began to harangue the assembly at great length upon the necessity of compulsory cattle dipping every week, backed up by Blandwell, Dobbie, Carreker, Paget, and Colman finally contrived to keep their faces while they contended that "dipping" cost a halfpenny

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per beast, and the proposal was only urged by men whose head of stock was too small to reckon with. Things began to grow a little heated, when Sybil remarked, loud enough for all to hear:

"Let's give it up, and go and play about with Mr. Paget's horse!"

"Is that an amendment?" asked the Chairman slyly. "Do you wish me to put it to the meeting?"

"You cover me with confusion," Sybil declared. "I did not mean anyone to hear. I wouldn't interrupt such an important discussion for worlds, especially when it's just getting warlike and interesting. Personally I consider a bath once a month is quite enough for anyone; and once a week is mere affectation. What do you think, Mr. Polling?"

As Polling was well known not to favour baths at any time, there was another explosion, and amid black looks on the part of some of the members, and much enjoyment among the others, the meeting broke up.

Sybil at once attached herself to Paget, who had captured her fancy from the first.

"Let's have your performing horse out now," she urged him sweetly. "I love a horse with a sense of humour."

"So do I when he belongs to someone else," Paget told her, as they went off together to fetch the humorous Peter.

"Who's going to get on first?" cried Sybil when they returned. "Come along, Mr. Dobbie."

For an hilarious half-hour Peter proceeded to buck first one and then another off his back until Lyall mounted him and, with his iron grip and heavy weight, proved too much for him to unseat. Then, true to his character for humour, he proceeded upon those antics which made it almost impossible to dismount, and Lyall in his turn had to tire him out a bit to make him amenable.

In the interval Elizabeth and Flip, anxious to be alone, had ridden off towards home, and as no one else was riding in the same direction it chanced presently that Sybil and Jim found themselves travelling up the lovely pass towards Wengi Heights unaccompanied.

For some time they rode in silence, Sybil feeling disinclined to make conversation, and Jim struggling with all his might to control his wayward senses. It was the

first time they had been so entirely alone since the bull incident, and it did not help matters that in the narrow pass there were moments when their horses brushed against each other, and the riders' knees inevitably came in contact.

Sometimes he forged ahead, but occasionally courtesy demanded he should hold back a branch, or open a gate, and the horses immediately contrived to get neck and neck again. Sybil remained curiously calm outwardly. She looked about her as if enjoying the lovely scenery of the pass, but she refused to manufacture small talk to ease the situation, or to put herself to much trouble over her horse. Once or twice she glanced up at Jim's set face, and likened him in her mind to an equestrian statue. She half suspected that beneath the rigidity there was tempest, but pursued her even way whether it were so or not. She felt, rather than saw, that in the grandeur of the lonely pass, at its rare altitude of six thousand feet, with its tall aloof-looking palms, its untrodden side-passes, its secretive invisible river hidden deep down between two high banks, its mysterious unseen denizens of wild life, its curiously unresponsive effect in spite of the beautiful warm lights of late afternoon, that this big strong man, with his chiselled features, moved in a setting typical of himself, upon a background as remote and secretive. Even to the passion and drama that was assuredly beating its eternal life story among the lonely side-passes, though the foliage and the bare hill-sides gave no sign—just so, beneath the almost stern exterior of the man beside her, she felt that hidden senses, desires, passions clamoured for their natural element of expression. Would he keep that iron control of his to the end, to the moment when, sighting the Homestead across the open veldt, he would feel safe? On that other occasion of their loneliness in the tree, she, herself, had wilfully challenged his defences. She had no self-deception about that. But to-day she felt different. It must not be by any act of hers this time if the citadel fell. He must in future blame himself and not her, if he were determined to attach blame to any softening of intercourse between them.

So they rode silently on. Once he pointed out a graceful night-jar with its long tail-feather flitting over them, and once, when

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a reed buck was heard whistling to his mate, they stood still a second to hear the answering call. Then on again through the warm, scented, amorous evening light, until they came to the place where they must cross the little river and ascend from the pass to the open veldt. A bridge had been made at some time, with tree trunks thrown roughly across, that could, with hazard, bear the weight of a car, but it was not an inviting arrangement for a horse to step upon, and Sybil's frankly refused to have anything to do with it. Neither would he jump the river, because recent rain had made the bank very soft, and having once been bogged, he was terrified of boggy land again. Lyall's horse was an old campaigner, not worried by any obstacles if his master put him at them, so he was quite willing to slither down the bank and wade across.

"Perhaps you had better get off and walk over the bridge," Jim said. "I can take him across lower down."

Sybil dismounted at once, and after talking to the nervous horse a moment, and patting his neck to reassure him, Jim led him to a narrower part and finally prevailed upon him to spring across. Then he brought both the horses to where Sybil stood waiting, and dismounted. Sybil took her reins from him, and kissed her horse on the nose, telling him he was a silly fellow to be afraid of a little mud, and a little water, though she was not surprised he objected to such a primitive, badly made bridge. Lyall, meanwhile, flung his reins over a bush, and came to help her re-mount.

So they stood side by side in the pass, with the light nearly gone in the west, but a wonderful silver radiance of moonlight growing momentarily brighter overhead, and casting long shafts of silver upon shimmering palms and gleaming, rippling water beside them. Sybil, feeling slightly unstrung, glanced into his face and then looked away. For nothing was there except stress and pain and longing, and she felt baffled and helpless before his obvious suffering, and bewildered why he should feel so. And it was just that unusual expression of baffled helplessness in her face that undid Jim, sending the torrents of his hopeless passion surging over him, till he was blind and deaf and dumb to all else.

In the stress of the moment Sybil had leaned back against her horse, feeling more

and more unstrung, and when at last he gathered her up in his arms, and kissed her fiercely, she made no resistance.

"It's no use," he muttered in a low, fierce undertone. "I can't stand out against you. Kiss me—Sybil."

His lips sought hers again, but after a moment she hid her face on his shoulder, like a shy child in his arms. For some moments longer he held her, his breath coming unevenly, and a trembling of overpowering emotion shaking his limbs—and then he lifted her to her saddle, and encircled her with his arms as she sat on her horse. The moonlight was full on their faces now, and they could look into each other's eyes—his still pain-wrung and inarticulate; hers a little pleading, a little mystified, unusually sweet. Perhaps in that strange moment Sybil touched the highest point she had ever touched. For all her wayward irresponsibility and capriciousness fell away, leaving her just a palpitating woman-thing, asking only to give, ready to count all the world well lost for love. And yet, because of what she saw in his face, she knew that he would not ask her to marry him, though all his soul was sick with longing. In a second of tense silence her little hand slipped into his big one, and he gripped it fast, but she uttered no word.

At last, speaking rather brokenly, he said—

"We ought not to have ridden home like this, one can't trust these emotional surroundings. I—I'm afraid I've acted like a cad."

"It has been my fault," she said in a low voice, "because of what I did in the tree."

There was another silence in which he still struggled to keep himself in hand.

At last Sybil said—

"I don't want you to think that I regret it, or that I was playing. In two weeks Flip and I will have gone. It's been a wonderful time here for both of us. For me it has been the most *real* time I've ever known—I mean real-life time, instead of just playing and frivolling." She paused, and seemed uncertain how to go on. He looked into her face with a waiting expression, and she was carried back in her mind suddenly to their first interview, when she had admonished herself to be utterly unafraid and speak the simple thing that

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was in her mind. She screwed up her courage and decided to do the same now. "I don't mind telling you that I wanted you to kiss me before I went away. I can't analyse anything, but I—I knew you would not kiss quite like other men. Nothing had been in the least like anything I had known before. To me it seemed fitting it should end that way." Another pause, and then—"I won't excuse myself. You dominated me whether I would or no. I wanted," her voice sank very low, "to bring you to this."

He frowned slightly, and removed his gaze from her face to the trees.

"I suppose it has always been like that," he said. "Every man has been easily at your beck and call, and when one dared to hold aloof, you set out to subdue him. It has been your rôle in life to play with men's hearts."

Instead of taking the accusation jauntily, as she would have done with anyone else, Sybil in her softened mood of simple honesty asked herself if it were the truth. Had she indeed played with men's hearts all her life? And if she had, had any real harm been done?

Jim, frowning at the trees, missed the sweetness of her face at the moment, and took her silence for consent. Yes, of course, that was what she had done, and the greatest victim of all had been his own great friend. Suddenly he wrenched himself back into his old groove.

"Well, you have won once again," he said with bitterness, "but only up to a certain point. You say it seemed fitting to you that things should end like this; now I have my say. *It is the end.* Let me be honest as yourself. Now, at this moment, you dominate my senses, and I feel I want nothing in heaven or earth but to possess you. But I am not the slave of my senses, whatever other men may be, and once you have gone away, I mean to crowd you out of my life for ever."

"Why?" she asked in a little burst of sudden pain.

"Isn't what you have just told me a good enough reason?"—speaking almost harshly. "It is likewise my wish and intention that you should go back to your playing ground, and leave me free."

Sybil sat stunned and silent, not in the least realising that he was thinking chiefly of his friend Owen Lack.

He mistook her silence for a guilty consciousness that she deserved the worst he thought of her, and his masterful mind re-asserted itself.

"But you have rather given me my cue," he said. "Probably I shall never meet anyone again who attracts me as you do. Are you to be the only one to gather sweets that come your way! Heavens, no—two can play at that game"—and he dragged her down to him, and held her in a grip of iron while he kissed her again and again.

Then, re-seating her in her saddle, he said harshly—

"Perhaps we are nearer being quits now," and moved away to mount his own horse.

A few minutes later they were out of the pass and cantering across the moon-bathed veldt. Lyall, once more the rigid horseman, leading the way, and Sybil, perplexed and dazed, following more meekly than she had ever followed before in her life.

CHAPTER XIX

The Departure

DURING the last three weeks of their stay Flip spent a good deal of time going round the neighbourhood looking at land, but to find a suitable ranch was a much more difficult proposition than he had supposed. The private owners wanted too much money, and the Government land was now too far from town, all that in their immediate vicinity being taken up. And again, what was suitable enough for a bachelor was not equally suitable for a married man, and Flip was anxious not to take Elizabeth from their breezy tableland to a stuffy, relaxing valley where malaria might prove troublesome. There was suitable land to be had on the Barwick Estate, but it was a tiresome journey from Wengi Heights, and Elizabeth was anxious not to go too far from her brother.

Then, when they were at something of a deadlock, Sybil decided to resign her share in Flip's favour. She hardly knew why, except that it was so obviously the best thing for the other three, and would meet at once with Lyall's approval. She agreed to sell her share to Flip at a nominal value, making him Jim's partner instead of herself.

"I make one stipulation," she explained,



"There was a chorus of 'Hear! Hear!'
and someone cried 'Speech!'"—p. 929

Drawn by
Norah Schlegel

THE QUIVER

"that you both agree to leave the palm grove, and the piece of the Umvukwes adjoining, in my sole possession." The piece she had named contained the rough bridge across the river where one emerged from the Tweedsdale Pass, a little belt of woodland, and a stony ridge of the Umvukwes of no monetary value but with lovely views all around.

"Why do you want that?" Flip asked with curiosity. "I suppose you know it is no use agriculturally?"

"Certainly I know it. Perhaps one reason is because I am no use agriculturally myself!" She laughed, and added, with a lightness belied by her eyes, "Some day I am going to build a little temple to Quenie's Higher Thought Religion there, and call it the Temple of the New Dawn! But there's nothing to be so serious about," breaking off. "What I really—truly want is to own a bit of the earth in one of its sunniest corners; and feel that it is always there for me to come and see if I care to."

But the following Sunday afternoon, their last on the ranch, after all the preliminaries were settled and the new partnership terms arranged, greatly to the satisfaction of Elizabeth and Flip and Jim, Sybil sat in the shade of the camp, feeling a little weighed down by a nameless regret. Elizabeth and Flip had gone off to their beloved Wave Kopje, radiantly, astonishingly, overpoweringly happy. To Sybil it was as if happiness radiated from them as a light, and because of her love for them she was full of gladness; but the reverse picture was necessarily a new loneliness for her, since she must lose Flip, and by comparison feel a new consciousness of failure in her own matrimonial adventure. All of which was accentuated by Jim's still insistent avoidance and rigid aloofness. Ever since the evening of their ride from Tweedsdale he had worn an unbending front, rarely addressing her at all, and going off alone as much as possible. If Elizabeth and Flip had not been so wrapped up in each other, they must have noticed his emphasised aloofness, and given more thought to Sybil, but always when they were there she contrived to occupy herself with seeming lightness of heart, and they did not guess at her loneliness and lurking depression. For if Flip had been a flirt all his life, he was undoubtedly glad enough to fix his affections when the time came,

and was wholly wrapped up in Elizabeth, who, gayer and sweeter than ever, opened like a flower to the warmth of his love. No doubt their happiness had its effect upon Jim also, making him, too, realise his life's loneliness and crave all the more for Sybil. But the mould in which he had carefully hardened himself could not yield, and he refused to let himself see her apart from those circumstances which incurred his unbending censure.

Thus it happened that Sybil endured a nightmare of restless uncertainty, hating him one moment, and coming helplessly under his sway the next. Sometimes for a whole day she could make herself happy by revelling in scorn of his "Scots obtuseness" as she called it; and then, at evening, she would perhaps see him with his stern, immobile mask and, looking into his eyes, perceive the tempest and turmoil that were underneath, and all her scorn would melt away, and she would feel that if he held out his arms to her, all her wish was to go to him and comfort him. At the same time she believed now that he would not do this, and the sooner they were apart the better. Flip had been right when he said she was not one to indulge in self-pity, and in her heart she felt assured that presently she would find plenty of joy in life for herself; but nevertheless there was a soreness she could not banish, and an ache she was a little afraid of.

It was her hope and belief that when she and Flip left the ranch in a few days' time, she would successfully banish Jim and his disapproval from her mind. And then sometimes, as to-day, she was oppressed with doubt. Why had she chosen to keep just that corner of the ranch where the primitive bridge was flung over the river? Why did she keep anything at all, since it was her intention to try and forget in future James Lyall and all his works?

And then suddenly, sitting there in the shade, her heart beat hurriedly because a firm step was approaching the camp behind her chair, and since it was neither Flip's, nor that of an unshod native, it must surely be Lyall himself.

"The mail arrived just after they departed," he said. "I thought you would like to have your letters."

It was the first time he had ever brought them across, and for a second she was non-

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plussed by the unexpected action. Then she took them from him murmuring—

"Thanks awfully, for bringing them over."

He seemed to hesitate whether to retire again at once, and in the moment's pause Sybil glanced through the letters and laid them down.

"Nothing important. I'm so glad. They can wait."

"Don't you like important letters? I should have thought they would have broken the monotony for you."

"I don't want to be bothered with them here. Rhodesia has made me incorrigibly lazy. Time enough for things of importance when we return to London."

She wanted to ask him to sit down, but felt it was impossible after the last time they had been alone together, and wondered that he had risked a *tête-à-tête* himself.

But in these last few days Jim's endurance was at breaking point, and he found that occasionally he acted blindly, unable to direct his will. It was in some such stress that he asked her suddenly—

"Why do you want to keep that piece of ranch? It's—it's quite useless anyhow."

"That depends upon what use one has for it, surely?"

"What use can you possibly have for it?"

He was intensely conscious of what had transpired between them at the bridge, and, against all his sterner wish, his soul clamoured to know if her desire had been influenced by those tense moments. Sybil felt unusually at a loss to perceive which way dignity and self-respect lay, and whether they mattered as much as honesty in this particular case. Why give him the triumph of knowing he had vanquished her in spite of his bearishness? Why be ashamed to reveal that his unconquerable passion was not unreciprocated?

The reckless, primitive strain in her would have liked him to declare his mastership again, as at the spot where his senses had triumphed over his will, in the lovely pass, with its mysterious lights and shadows, its hidden dramas and tragedies of animal life, its sinister, amorous atmosphere in the midst of that curiously unresponsive effect.

But Sybil had had bitter cause to regret her own reckless spirit once, and she strove, as he, to keep herself well in hand now.

"I told you what use I have for it," trying to speak in a nonchalant voice. "Don't you approve my Temple of the New Dawn?"

"I neither approve nor disapprove. I thought you were just talking at random."

He had moved a step nearer to her, and she felt her heart-beats grow more uneven. The very tenseness of his attitude was eloquent of the strain under which he laboured, and she felt it fast communicating itself to her. What if the tempest engulfed them both? How should she withstand it? Did she want to withstand it? Her slender fingers closed tightly round the arms of her chair, bringing the blue veins out startlingly on her hands.

"Only three more days before parting," ran in her brain, and she knew in those tense moments that the parting was going to be very hard.

"The strain will be ended soon," ran his thought. "Why can't you leave things alone, and go about the ranch as usual?"

Nevertheless he stayed there beside her.

For some moments there was a pulsing silence.

Jim knew a question was burning on his tongue—a question he longed to ask one moment, and was fiercely determined not to ask the next.

Why had she deserted his friend? He told himself in his harsh judgment that in any case she would probably prevaricate—would try to make out a case for herself—and therefore nothing would be gained by it. The ugly stain would remain the same if he doubted the truth of her explanation; and thus it might only add fire to his scorn, while in no way relieving his longing to possess her as long as she was there on the ranch.

Sybil felt past reasoning. For the first time in her life she seemed utterly dominated; and yet with a clear consciousness that gulfs of danger for both of them lay in any complete surrender. If they could be just friends, well and good—it was what she had wished all along; but if he swept her off her feet in a flood of emotion, and they became lovers, the future might hold little but hopeless entanglement and regret for both of them. Anyhow let her go away to England first, and reason calmly in an atmosphere less charged with electricity.

And "go away" was the counsel of Jim's

THE QUIVER

brain also, yet he stood there beside her, wrestling with himself, thrilled by her nearness, loving her presence, while his soul still sat in judgment.

And then at last it came, as perhaps it was bound to come, unless he retired at once. Looking into her face with eyes that seemed to probe to her very soul, he asked suddenly—

"Will you answer me one thing truly? Why did you desert Owen Lack—your husband and my friend?"

She was taken aback—momentarily dumbfounded.

Had this then been the whole explanation from the beginning?—a judgment and condemnation before she ever came—a verdict without any sort of a trial, or any chance of defence. It nettled her quickly. Pride rose up in arms. Now he knew her personally as well as Owen, did he still believe the blame had all been hers? She could understand that he should be prejudiced before she came, and that the prejudice should continue more or less; but this utter condemnation, nursed and brooded over, after he had virtually admitted that he loved her, had a harsh, overbearing aspect that only aroused her swift defiance. She would not stand as a prejudged criminal to make her defence. All her soul resented it. Unless he could love her with all her faults and failings and follies, what could there ever be between them but suspicion and distrust in spite of love?

And there was another aspect.

While he stood rigidly waiting, keeping an iron control of his will, her mind ran like lightning over the whole aspect of the case. The secret she had kept so well, for reasons that were entirely her own affair—should she give it up now, because the harsh censure of this man demanded it? After all, what claim had he compared to the dead? Why should she fail the man whose name she bore, in order to satisfy his tyrannical friend?

"Well!" said Jim at last, "are you going to tell me?"

Sybil rose to her feet and moved a pace or two away. Then she looked him squarely in the face and answered—

"No, I am not."

He winced as if she had struck him a blow.

So much, in his mind, depended upon

her answer, and here she was refusing to answer at all.

"You must have had a reason," he said doggedly. "Surely you are willing to defend yourself."

"Against whom?"—coldly.

"Whom? Why everyone!" He paused, then muttered darkly: "But of course, if you can't!"

"And if I can't?"—bravely.

"There is no need to explain further," with bitterness. "But—Gad!—I don't know why you need ever have come here! Wasn't it enough to spoil one man's life?"

Seeing the pain in his face, and realising how it hurt her, she was swept by a momentary weakening, but something—some vague voice outside herself—seemed to hold her back, and she turned her eyes away from him to the hills. What after all could she give him in the future that would be better than his faith in his friend? How would it help either of them, if she gave away now what she had guarded faithfully all these years? Once they were apart, would it hurt her very badly whether he went on condemning or not? And in any case, what right had he thus to have constituted himself both judge and jury, and to have convicted unheard? His arrogance and mercilessly critical nature warned her, and that which had been her condemnation she made her safeguard.

"Then you have nothing more to say?" he asked after a pause, as if with a last longing hope.

"Nothing. You appear to be acquainted with the facts. I can only leave it there."

"Perhaps I only know one side of the question?"

"Oh!" with a fine scorn. "You have learnt that sometimes there *are* two sides!"

He let it pass. The training of a lifetime held him in its groove. He was chiefly conscious that every fibre of him ached to hold her, and yet some intangible spectre stood between them, waving him away. Sybil felt conscious of the spectre also, and still a little frightened of herself, because of that domination which drew her whether she would or no.

So it was that the danger hour caught them once again.

But this time the spectre stood its ground, urging in her a dull anger at his questioning and doubting, so that she moved farther

away from him, and let a careless scorn show in her face. He stood a moment wrestling fiercely with himself, and then he asked tensely—

"Then this is final? You refuse to offer any explanation?"

"Absolutely. You have no right whatever to ask it of me."

As if he could not trust himself any further, he turned on his heel and strode away.



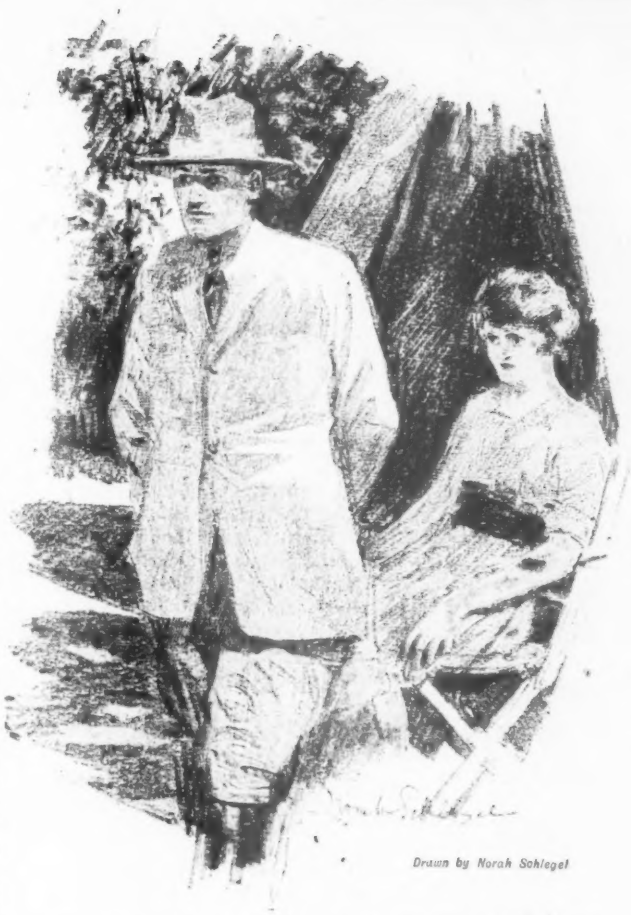
When the swift dusk fell Flip and Elizabeth came slowly home together, arm in arm, moving in that atmosphere of deep love which laughs at speech, and communes as easily in silence. Near the stables they saw a tall man mount his horse and ride away through the wonderful starlight. Momentarily they stood still.

"What an hour for Jim to start off on Quicksilver!" Elizabeth said, "but I expect he has been at one of the kraals, and found a sick beast, and is riding back with some *muti*."

"Still, one would have thought Shilling could have taken it. What a restless beggar he is nowadays! More so than usual, don't you think?"

Elizabeth knit her pretty brows. She was growing more strengthened in her ideas about Jim and Sybil, but felt them still too vague to speak of. Rather, she thought, she would watch Jim closely after the brother and sister had gone, and report later if it were worth while.

"He has always been restless," she said. "It will do him a world of good to have a partner who refuses to be hustled," and she laughed softly.



Drawn by Norah Schlegel

"As if he could not trust himself any further, he turned on his heel and strode away"

"In short, a lazy dog—what! My princess!" and their laughter merged in muffled sounds that are the joy-bells of happiness.

At the camp they found Sybil sitting alone, and her face gleamed white in the starlight, and her eyes seemed unusually large and bright. If it was not happiness for her, it was at least an inspiring consciousness of power, for she realised more fully against what odds she had captivated Jim's unwilling heart, whether he chose to admit it or not.

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The last three days sped with lightning rapidity. So many details of the partnership to be discussed, and of Elizabeth's trip to England—even the lovers had scarcely any time to themselves.

And Sybil, still with that fear of a fateful wrong step hanging over her, stayed purposely in the background, a difficult, elusive person to come in contact with. Having vanquished Jim in spite of his pronounced aversion and outspoken rudeness, she was not at all sure that she wanted matters to go any further.

Only on the last evening did they have a few minutes alone, and she was then tired out with a long day of packing and arranging.

She and Flip dined at the Homestead, and after dinner the lovers strolled off for an hour. She lay back in an armchair on the veranda, and, after giving a few directions to a native at the back, Jim came quietly through the French window to her. He tapped his pipe against a veranda post, and commenced to fill it, before he spoke, standing silhouetted against the evening sky. When he had lit it to his satisfaction, he turned to her, and leaned against the veranda post looking down at her, instead of taking a seat.

"If it is any gratification to you," he said simply, "I am sorry that I was so rude about your coming out, and so bearish when you came."

She felt it cost him a good deal to make the confession, and took it in a frank, friendly spirit.

"You needn't be. It was perfectly natural. In your place I should have felt the same."

"Hardly, I think; a man who is naturally rather impatient becomes far more so out here. The climate, I suppose, and the natives, and one thing or another."

There was a moment's silence, and she asked—

"Are you and Flip going to get rich presently, and retire on a fortune?"

"I don't know about a fortune. There are always great possibilities in a country like this—railways linking up, minerals being discovered, and so forth. At present there is a great need of population."

"Still, I suppose it is an interesting goal? To be among the first in the race, to watch the country mould itself, to win by virtue

of early hardships"—she gave a little laugh—"in short, to be the early bird!"

He pulled thoughtfully at his pipe.

"I don't know that there's much in it," he said at last.

She felt surprised. It was so unlike Jim to make such a comment.

"There must be satisfaction, surely?" she remarked.

"Oh, I daresay!"—carelessly. He was silent, and she felt the air was getting charged again, and was in two minds whether to plead further packing and get up and go away. He pulled a chair forward, and sat down so that he could look into her face. It seemed impossible to get up and go away now. "Those two," he remarked, signifying the lovers, "seem to be special favourites of destiny, don't they? I wonder why!"

"Some people would tell you they were twin souls."

"I don't doubt some people would tell me many different kinds of nonsense," grimly. And then—"Do you believe in twin souls?"

"Only on occasions like this," smiling faintly. "I think of all the girls I know, Elizabeth is just the one suited to Flip. She has enough originality never to bore him; and she can hold her own with a man spoilt from babyhood."

"I doubt if close relations ever see each other fairly, but"—a scarcely perceptible pause—"Owen had a very high opinion of her."

She coloured in the dim light, but kept her composure.

"If he had asked me to set him free to marry her, I should have tried to do so."

"They were like brother and sister from the first," was all he said. And then, abruptly—"Did you never wish to be set free?"

"Only once, in order to marry a man my great friend Queenie McMahon disapproved of. She contrived to nip things in the bud, and afterwards I was glad. I am bound to confess I found life very pleasant as a grass widow, with Flip and Queenie for constant companions."

"Yet now you are pretty sure to marry again?"—with a touch of harshness.

"One never knows," lightly. "I shall miss Flip badly."

He leaned forward, arms across his knees, staring at the ground.

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THE VELDT TRAIL

"Perhaps you will come back to stay with them?"

"At some future day, maybe. Meanwhile there will be Queenie."

He got up and walked away from her to the far end of the veranda, and stood, leaning against a post, staring into the night. He was determined to keep himself in hand to-night. To-morrow, because of it, they would part as passing travellers—she to go her way, he to go his, and what had transpired at the resting-place to leave them unaffected. He knew it would go hardly with him, but his will would conquer in the end, and he would forget her. Only to-night the wound of it lay throbbing and bare.

Sybil sank lower in her chair, and gazed into the dark likewise, but to-night all her heart was heavy at the prospect of losing Flip, and of having to face life without him. And while they still waited the lovers came back, and the fateful moment passed.

"You two look very sociable," Flip remarked teasingly. "I hope we don't disturb you?"

But Elizabeth scanned her brother's face with eyes that saw with knowledge, and she knew that never before had any woman moved him as Sybil did; and guessed shrewdly that yet, because of his obstinate will, he could not let himself forgive her. Sybil's attitude she could not fathom, but she knew by the way Flip sat down beside her, and toyed with the girdle of a light jumper she was wearing, that he understood the separation—when it came for her and him—would hurt her badly.

The next morning they went to Salisbury to catch the mail train that would be leaving the following day. In the evening they were giving a large farewell dinner-party at the principal hotel, to which came the Tweedsdale ranchers and many other members of the Farmers' Association, and the party was decidedly hilarious. Paget was congratulated that his horse let him get off in time to catch the soup course, and Colman was chaffed all evening because the dress suit he had brought out ten years before looked every moment as if it must burst with a bomblike explosion.

"Why did you wear it?" Sybil asked plaintively. "I love you all much better in your funny veldt clothes. I can see dress suits any time in England, but never

again, perhaps, shall I set eyes on the grotesque and scanty clothing of Rhodesian ranchers."

At which there was an outcry from the guests that their normal clothing was neither grotesque nor scanty.

"Why," cried Carreker, "Dobbie and I have worn nothing but a yard or two of limbo for days out trekking. We consider our ranch clothes the height of respectability—eh, Dobbie?"

"I should think so," echoed Dobbie. "You ought to see him when his patches have come unstitched, Mrs. Lack. One on the seat of his breeches, hanging down like an apron, and he all the while trying to keep his front to anyone he meets!"

"Or the time the cow ate half of Dobbie's last decent shirt," Carreker put in, in his turn. "And the High Commissioner was coming out for a shoot! And the pointer pups had run off with one of his boots. Christopher! his language nearly caused a veldt fire!"

Sybil felt afterwards it had been a good finish. All the ranchers she had met living away in the veldt, and the two or three women who shared their loneliness, were given the best dinner the best cook in Salisbury could manufacture.

The next day a crowd at the station to see them off, with Jim hovering in the background busying himself with their luggage.

"Kiss old Blighty for me," cried someone.

"And tell her we'll come to fight again, quick, sharp, if we're wanted!" cried another.

Then a guard, with his flag, waving them all off. Flip kissing Elizabeth in the back of their compartment, and Jim blocking all the little gangway with his bulk, holding her hand and looking deep into her eyes.

But "good-bye" was all he said, as the whistle sounded, and then he and Elizabeth had to scramble off.

Sybil waved her handkerchief gaily as the train steamed out, and was glad that Jim's had been the last hand she touched on Rhodesian soil.

Then, as the train ran out of the town, and they caught a vista of intense blue kopjes across a rain-refreshed veldt—

"You'll be glad to come back, Flip?"

"Yes. It's a man's life—and the sunshine is gorgeous."

(To be Concluded)



Getting Used to Peace

PEACE once more has come to bless our land, and, now that the tumult and the shouting dies and we get used to the idea, we ought to be as happy as the day is long. For five long years Peace has been a wild dream of unspeakable bliss; indeed, during those black, angry years of war it was regarded either as tasty treason forbidden to the hungry glances of fighting men, or as a sort of far-away, ultimate Paradise of the blessed—as certain and happy, but as distant as heaven itself. Now Peace has come, heaven is on earth—and we are not happy as the day is long, nor basking in the sunshine of eternal bliss.

Somehow, something seems wrong.

We all know we ought to be happy, but we all are vaguely aware that the green glades of Paradise are not so blissful as they were imagined. There must be a serpent in Eden.



Unrest

Two or three commercial men I have consulted put it all down to the unrest of the men back from "over there." They are restless, unable to get back into harness again. A worthy contributor who has been long months in the fighting zone, and is now back at home again, called on me the other day. When work was mentioned he reluctantly admitted that it was very hard to settle down after the life of the open. He would take up his pen and write again—but it was hard, very hard.

It isn't that the fighting man wishes to remain in the Army; those who are not "demobbed" seem even more restless than those who have assumed the sombre robe

of mufti. They burn camps and storm police stations. They are "fed up" with war and "fed up" with peace. The new times, indeed, have made us all uneasy in our bones.



Too Much Money

But it is not mere unrest that is the cause of our troubles. I take up the daily paper, and here a writer diagnoses the situation:

What we are all suffering from, strangely enough, is the existence of too much money. The rich and the poor alike are under this oppression.

I rub my eyes. My impression was that it was not too much money but the reverse that was the cause of certain editorial troubles that need not be mentioned. But the newspaper writer is quite serious:

If only we could live upon money the whole world would be prosperous and contented, for there was never so much money in the world before as there is now, and those who have it were never more ready to part with it.

The explanation is that it is a very easy matter to "make" money—especially paper money. The Governments of Europe have been diligently manufacturing it in huge quantities since the war began. But money does not sow the corn, or make the bread. And the trouble is that this old world of ours has been for these five war years making money instead of meat, and mankind cannot fatten on it.

The story is told of the countryman who opened a banking account and proudly made out cheques to all and sundry until the bank manager called his attention to the fact that his account was overdrawn. "Oh, that's all right!" replied the country-

BETWEEN OURSELVES

man, easily. "How much did you say? I'll write you out a cheque for it!"



Fresh Cheques for Old Deficits

We smile at such rural *naïveté*, but we are all as bad: the Governments and the working men alike. The warring nations have overdrawn their accounts, so they have simply written out fresh cheques to pay for old deficits. The working man has found that the value of money has depreciated—or that, in other words, his food costs him more. He promptly strikes for more wages. More or less promptly his employers grant him his increase—and more, **not** less, promptly put the extra charge **on** to the goods they sell, with a little bit more each time "for luck." Then the workman finds his goods cost him still more; he strikes, has a rise, pays more, and strikes again. And so on. Only with each turn of the vicious circle the value of money is steadily decreased—and someone, the "profiteer," usually manages to get a little extra thrown in.



Work Wanted

What the wise writer in the daily Press wished to point out was that this surfeit of paper money, which is making everybody "rich"—that lines the pockets of the profiteer and increases the wage of the working man—does and can do nobody any good. Only by ceasing to spend and increasing to produce can the situation be righted and the world be made happy again.

He instances the American exchanges, which are steadily against us. How are we to tilt the American exchanges back in our favour? By sending more goods to, and, for a time, taking less goods from, the Americans. He follows up his argument by an extraordinary hint as to the effect of the German indemnity:

It will be interesting in regard to imports to watch the effect of the German indemnity on German prosperity and international trade. Some will have it that modern French prosperity dates from the indemnity of 1871.

It would seem that if Germany is to pay her indemnity she will have to export £12 worth of goods for every £1 worth she imports. "With no army or navy to maintain, and with other economies at home, she may manage to do it, and thereby become the most industrious and productive country in the world."

Economic laws and financial operations are always bewildering to the lay mind, so I do not attempt to puzzle it out. We must simply accept the fact that it is not more money we want, but a shoulder to the wheel. We have been living too long on borrowed money; we must turn to and create wealth again.



The Remedies

Taking for granted the correctness of the newspaper man's diagnosis, what are the remedies? You will, I know, excuse me if I at once proffer the most obvious suggestions. I do not claim any originality for them—only courage for venturing to air them when you see at once that they are quite platitudinous and quite impossible!

First of all, if work it is that is wanted, why not take our coats off and get to work at once? We have had our holidays; let us settle down in good earnest and get on with the job. We have had enough Peace celebrations and junketings to last us for an age; the times are out of joint for extravaganzas, and there are too many dead and wounded for jollification. Let us get to work

Why not Industrial Peace?

Having boldly made a start, may I go on? Why not let us have industrial peace for a change? For example, how would it be for the Trade Unions actually to get their men to work harder instead of limiting production? Why not a strike for more hours instead of less? I know that the Labour Congress at Southport voted in favour of a six-hours day. They were obviously cracking a joke, or pulling somebody's leg. The man with only six hours' work a day would be a miserable mortal; besides, it is more work that is wanted—not less. After all, the rich men are very few; nearly all the goods made by the working men are for the working classes (and you and I, I hope, are among the working classes in the broad sense). Why not each man joyously produce his share, and then a little extra for the common good? Does the policy of suspicion and *ca' canny* make the worker happy, or the people prosperous?

THE QUIVER

Not the least little bit. The day goes best when we have plenty to do, and when one's heart is in one's work. We want to uplift the people and make one another happy. Why not, in heaven's name, drop quarrelling and get on with the work?



Where the Master Errs

But if the exhortation is to the workman, the obligation is also on the master. When you come to think of it, the masters of industry come of an obstinate and stiff-necked race, and one sometimes suspects that they occasionally take after their ancestors. Dare one suggest that they come off the high horse and meet the workers half way? I know that the modern workman is not exactly the last word in wisdom and loyalty, but isn't there just a little bit of high-handedness on the employer's side sometimes, and isn't there anyhow just a little too much profiteering going on hereabouts? Frankly, a good deal of the vengeful feeling among the workers is on account of the little bit extra which the profiteer manages to squeeze in every time the vicious circle moves round. We do not want to adopt Russian methods. We are sensible enough to know that brains are wanted as well as brawn: brains we must have and must pay for—but tentacles we do not want. This is getting out of the platitudinous into the debatable. Perhaps the huge profits that are being made out of the poor public are all right after all. But if so, why not share them with the workers? I do not mean more wages, but a genuine arrangement for sharing profits.

But here my wealthy friends will cry "Traitor," and I hasten on.

May I, as a final measure, recommend a simpler standard of life and less "swank"? Let us put aside for a while the superfluities of life. Don't bother about the feathers and trimmings. Lead the simple life, cultivate the spirit of love and goodwill instead of suspicion and hate; let us heal the gaping wounds of war and bring in the era of Peace.



Why don't we do it?

All this seems very easy. Why don't we do it?

Alas! human nature seems to dislike platitudes, and cannot stand the obvious. We see it in the story-books. It is perfectly patent to all readers that Geraldine and Arthur are made for one another, and will end happily with wedding bells. But misunderstandings must intervene. In vain we whisper to the gloomy hero that the fair heroine is loving and true; in vain we implore the heroine to recognise the obvious faithfulness of the worthy hero. They persist in quarrelling. We want to shake them and save two hundred pages.

That is the matter with us. We want shaking. We have been shaken by the war—but shaken up instead of down! Now for the change! For five long years we have had the delirious excitements of the unusual and the horrible. Let us turn about and do the sensible thing again. Why not, by way of a change, go back to the old, stodgy, but very commendable formula—Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform?

The Editor





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PREPARED with milk, according to directions, forms a Complete Diet for Infants, Growing Children, Invalids and the Aged.

A DOCTOR, I.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. Ed., L.F.P.S. Glas., etc. (Leeds) writes:—"Your Neave's Food is suiting our youngster admirably, for which we are very thankful. . . . She was not doing well on cow's milk and water alone."—10th September, 1913.

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who loves her Baby and yet is unfortunately not able to rear her infant at the breast cannot go wrong if she follows the advice of doctors and mothers, based on a century's experience, and feeds her baby on

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Paid-up Capital -	-	-	-	-	8,289,072
Reserve Fund -	-	-	-	-	8,289,072
Deposits -	-	-	-	-	£371,054,600
Cash on hand and Balance at Bank of England -	-	-	-	-	79,426,772
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Contractors to H.M. Govt., Admiralty, War Office, etc.

The worst weather for a solid week stands no chance against a Beacon Oilskin. It is waterproof; proof against Rain, Snow, Sleet, Hail, and Blinding Spindrift. In one you will be dry and cosy *always*.

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Never go Sticky or let in the Wet.

Money back in full if they fail to satisfy.

This **Bute** Coat will keep you dry and comfortable in a solid week of wet. It is made of light smooth Oilskin, with wide skirt, Raglan shoulders, belt at back, inner storm cuffs, and two big pockets. In black, light-weight, never-sticking Oilskin. **28/6**

In colours, **32/6**; Sou'westers to match, **5/6** and **6/6** respectively.

Two-colour Oilskin Hat with adjustable band, Bute quality, **7/6**; in Silk Oilskin, **10/6**.

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE

describing Guaranteed Oilskins for outdoor Men and Women, and for Children from 3 years old upwards. Send a p.c. for it to-day to

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Robinson & Cleavers

IRISH LINEN DAMASK

Tablecloths, bleached by sun and air, are made in many beautiful designs, and may be depended upon for long and satisfactory wear. An example—

Pattern: Tulips with ornament, 2 x 2

yards, 29/4; 2 x 2½ yards, 36/8; 2 x 3

yards, 44/2; 2½ x 2½ yards, 38/6 each.

Naps, ¼ x ¼ yard, 47/9 dozen.

Samples sent post free.

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SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

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Works: **BIRMINGHAM.**

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DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE**.

NEEDLECRAFT

Knitted Coat

*Made in Plain Knitting and
Trimmed with Ribbed Bands*

By Ellen T. Masters

THIS coat is made of moderate length so that it can be worn, if required, under an ordinary outdoor coat without showing beyond the lower edge. Knitted with the pins mentioned below it is medium size, but slightly full so that it can be drawn in with the girdle. It is a particularly easy piece of work considering that it is more shapely than are many of the home-made wraps.

The model was worked with champagne-coloured Coronation wool as groundwork, with hems, cuffs and part of the collar in the same make of wool in a pretty shade of dark amethyst. For winter wear, a thicker make of Sirdar or Sports wool can be used. About fourteen oz. of the light wool and two oz. of the purple are required, with a pair of bone or vulcanite pins (No. 8), two pins (No. 10) for the cuffs, three large button moulds, and four small ones. A fine bone crochet hook for covering them is also needed.

ABBREVIATIONS: k, knit; p., purl; tog., together; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

Begin with one of the **FRONTS**. Cast on 70 rather loosely with the purple wool.

Till further notice knit the first ten and the last ten stitches plain in the next row. These make the border up the front edge. Rib 4 plain and 4 purl in the usual way till sixteen rows are done. Slip the ten plain rows on to a large safety pin and leave them for the present.

The rest of the front is done in alternate rows of plain and purl, the latter being the wrong side of the work.

K. and p. 4 rows with the cream wool.

K. and p. 2 rows purple.

K. and p. 4 rows cream.

K. and p. 2 rows purple.

K. and p. 4 rows cream.



An excellent garment for wearing under a winter coat

K. and p. 2 rows purple. This finishes the striped border.

K. and p. 90 rows with the cream wool. A larger number of these straight rows can easily be added if the coat is required to be longer.

Now decrease by knitting 2 together at the neck end (that is, where the ten stitches were left) of every alternate row till 24 stitches are left for the shoulder. Cast off.

The **SECOND FRONT** is knitted in exactly the same way except that the ten stitches are knitted plain and the decreasings made at the reverse end of the rows.

For the **BACK**, cast on 120, and work the striped border and 90 rows of the light coloured wool in exactly the same way as for the front.

To make the **ARMHOLE** :—

1st shaped row.—Cast off 6 at the beginning.

2nd shaped row.—Cast off 6 and p. back as usual.

THE QUIVER

3rd row.—K 2 tog. at both ends of the row.

4th row.—P. as usual, with no decreasing.

Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows till fourteen rows are done, counting from the second set of cast-off stitches. Work eighteen rows without shaping.

For the SHOULDER :—K. till 4 stitches are left, *turn*, p. till 4 are left, *turn*, k. till 8 are left, *turn*, p. till 8 are left, *turn*, k. till 12 are left, *turn*, p. till 12 are left, *turn*, k. till 16 are left. Continue thus, leaving four at each turn till there are only 24 stitches on for the back of the neck. K. (or p.) to the end of the row and cast off.

For the SLEEVE, cast on 48 loosely with the No. 10 pins, and work the cuff first with the purple wool.

Rib thirty rows by knitting 2 and purling 2 alternately.

Now take the larger pins and cream wool.

31st row.—* K. 2, increase by knitting first into the front, then into the back, of the next stitch, k. till 3 stitches are left, increase as before in the next stitch, k. 2.

32nd row.—Purl.

33rd row.—Plain.

34th row.—Purl.

Repeat from * four times, when there should be 58 stitches on the pins.

** 51st row.—Like the 31st row.

52nd row.—Purl.

53rd row.—Plain.

54th row.—Purl.

55th row.—Plain.

56th row.—Purl.

Repeat from ** till there are 76 stitches on the pins.

Now decrease for the ARMHOLE :—K. 2 tog. at beginning and end of every row till 20 stitches are left. Cast off.

Make the second sleeve in the same way.

Return to the 10 stitches that were left on the lower part of the first front and, with the amethyst-coloured wool, knit plain to and fro till a strip is made long enough to reach to the middle of the back.

Pick up the second set of 10 stitches and knit a strip of the same length on these also. Join the ends neatly with a large needle and some of the purple wool, and sew the rest of the band into shape along the fronts of the coat

When the knitting has reached this stage, it is a good plan to press it all over on the wrong side with a fairly hot iron, keeping a damp cloth over the work all the time. Sew the sections together and put in the sleeves, seam to seam.

Make the GIRDLE next. For the back is required a strap fourteen inches long and about three inches wide. Cast on 20 stitches with the coarser pins and k. to and fro as for the border of the fronts. Cast off when the necessary length has been made.

For the FRONT PARTS OF THE GIRDLE, use the champagne wool and the same pins and cast on 12 stitches. Knit two pieces in plain knitting, one twenty-three inches long, the other twenty-six inches in length. Sew these to the centre edge, one at each end of the broad purple piece for the back.

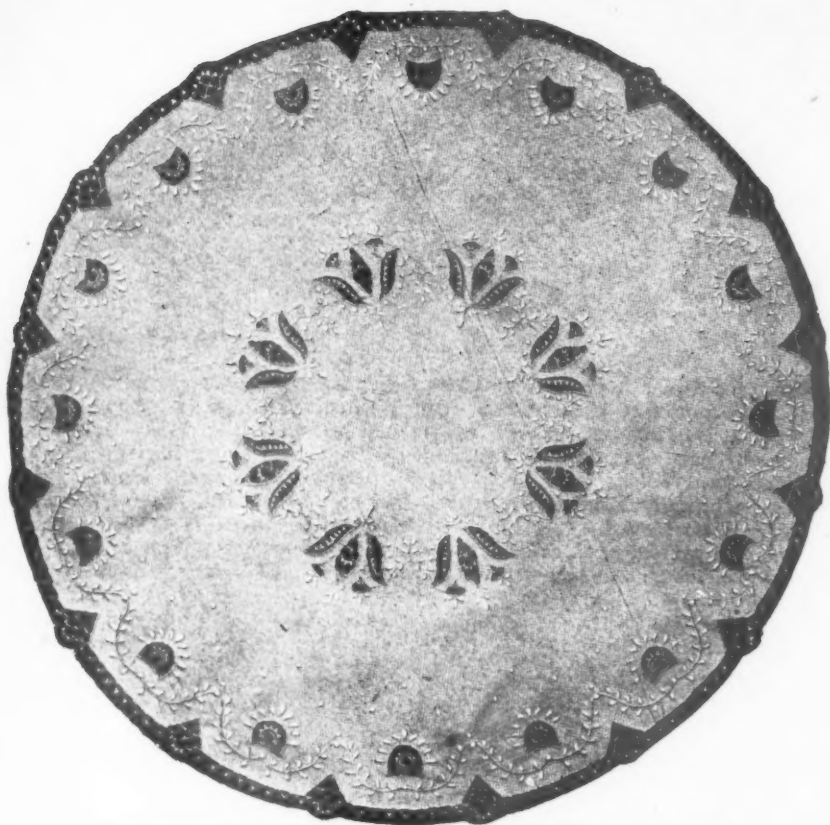
Cover the four small button moulds with crochet and the pale coloured wool. Make a ring of 3 ch. and work d.c. round and round till a circle is made large enough to cover the moulds easily. Sew the crochet over the mould at the back, covering the top of the wood with a wisp of the wool so that the foundation is quite hidden. Sew a pair of buttons at each end of the broad strap, each about half an inch from the margin. Sew the girdle to the coat, putting the ends of the purple to the under seam of the coat. Add mixed purple and cream tassels or a fringe, as preferred, at each end of the girdle.

Cover the button moulds for the FRONT FASTENINGS in the same way as the smaller moulds, but with purple wool. Sew them to the coat at equal distances apart with a stem so that they will not come unfastened when worn.

For the BUTTONHOLES, make a length of ch. with purple wool to stretch well from first to last button. Work a row of slip-stitch on each side of this ch. Sew it with a needleful of purple wool along the edge of the right front, leaving enough of it free in three places to slip over the buttons.

When the coat is all sewn together, press the seams with a hot iron, and use a cooler one for the girdle and strap. Do not forget to spread the damp cloths under the iron.





This handsome Centrepiece measures one yard across when finished

(Transfer of the design is obtainable for 1s. 8d. complete (in two parts), from The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4)

A Centrepiece in Hedebo

HELPFUL details of the stitches and completed work are illustrated.

Fig. 3 shows the very beginning, which is done by running a thread round the line stamped and then buttonholing over this from left to right, leaving a tiny space between each stitch. Do not take the stitches very deep into the linen, as this edge should be seen as little as possible. Fig. 4 shows how to finish the last stitch, and if the thread is still long enough one may go on making a row of "net" or beading stitch, the beginning of which is plainly shown in Fig. 5. Net stitch is very simple and can be adapted to any design.

Fig. 6 illustrates the start of a pyramid greatly enlarged. The buttonhole stitches should, in contrast to the net stitch, be very short and firm, and the entire pyramid must be done by counting. This one illustrates what in Hedebo language is called "a point of six." When the sixth stitch is done, topsew back into each hole with a tight stitch and count 6 of these as well. Then the next row will have 5 buttonhole stitches and 5 topsewed back, and so on till it ends with one buttonhole stitch. Now it can be fastened on to the plain buttonhole edge by carrying a single thread across and twisting same back to the point, and then top-

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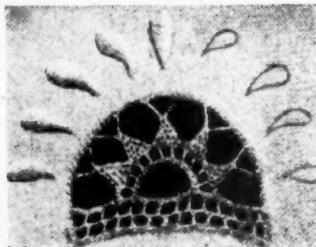


Figure 1

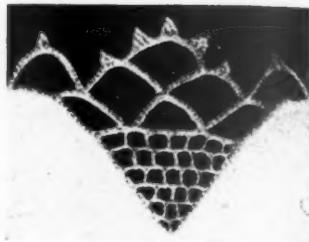


Figure 2

sew down the right side of this by catching each stitch carefully. If the thread has given out take a fresh one, and in starting a new point make the first row of stitches over both ends.

Fig. 1 can be easily followed, as it consists of stitches just explained.

Now we have the edge, which is not going to be very difficult. The best way will be to make 6 rows of net or beading stitches in the cut-

loop back to the first, make the 3 points on this, then finish the last loop of the group, and go on in the same manner. Fig. 2 shows this part very plainly.

The centrepiece is of unusual style and design. The wreath in the middle, in a large clear design of Hedebo figures and solid embroidery, is effective enough to make a small centrepiece in itself.

When the first steps of Hedebo have been mas-

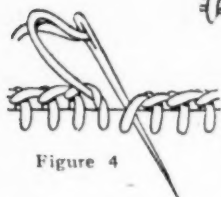


Figure 4

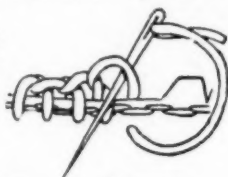


Figure 3



Figure 5

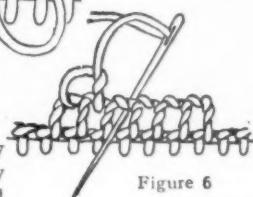


Figure 6

out sections and buttonhole the last row of them. Then start at the left, almost on the corner, and make the 3 plain loops. Do this in several or all of the similar places. Then work the loops with the little points "of 3" along the edge between and bring the last one over to the one worked before, and complete this, then do only half of the second, carry the thread for the third

tered, and they are not really difficult, it will be discovered that very striking effects of great beauty can be developed with no greater expenditure of time than for many of the less ornamental designs in French and eyelet embroidery. The work ought especially to recommend itself to those who have enjoyed making Battenberg lace, for there is a similarity in the stitches used.

Next month's "Needlecraft" Section will include the working instructions of a variety of laces and insertions with corners. Inquiries and suggestions regarding this section should be addressed to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.





The "Tiny Tots" Dance
at the Farningham Homes

Photo :
Topical

"The Quiver" Army of Helpers

Conducted
by
Mrs. Lock

"Experience (which in time to all must come) begets Sympathy, and Sympathy Understanding, and Understanding Love ;

"And Love leads Helpfulness by the hand, to open the gates of Power Unlimited—even for that new race which now appears."

EDWARD CARPENTER.

MY DEAR HELPERS,—Many of you may have wondered who "Philip" is. His name appears in the subscription lists, and new members may not have realised that he is a boy whom we support in

The Homes for Little Boys at Farningham, Kent

In order that I might see "Philip" for myself and also give you an impression of the Homes, I journeyed down to see them one sunny day a little while ago. I had the privilege of travelling with Mrs. Robson,

the Hon. Sec. of the Young People's Union, which was holding a Rally at the Homes on that particular day. This Union does a vast amount of work for the Homes, and supports many boys at the Homes through its various branches.

From Mrs. Robson I learnt a great deal about the working of the Homes, and when I stepped out on the cheerful little station of Farningham I was on tip-toe with expectation. Nor was I disappointed. As we entered the gates of the Homes we came into a subtle atmosphere of cheerfulness and welcome, for the drive was lined with rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boys, from whose throats came a lusty British cheer. We walked up between this friendly living lane, with trees rustling on either side and the borders aglow with flowers. It put one in good spirits immediately.

THE QUIVER



The Swanley Boys'
Hornpipe Dance

Photo:
Typical

The Hope of the Nation

When we had passed the last of the cheering little throng, we were met by Mr. Bell (Secretary of the Homes) and Mrs. Bell, and were accorded another warm welcome.

And then we began our tour of the Homes, for there was much to see, and I was most anxious to see the boys at work. In the Homes at Farningham and Swanley 500 boys are fitted for the battle of life, and are trained to be useful citizens of the Empire. In these Homes they are taught to feel that they are "at home," and not in an "institution." It was Farningham that set the fashion in abolishing the great barrack-like institution and established the boys in "cottage homes" presided over by a "mother."

The war has robbed us of thousands and tens of thousands of young and splendid lives, so that the boys who are being trained to-day are in truth The Hope of the Nation. On them the future of our Empire depends.

Farningham begins at the very beginning. The boys can be admitted while they are still babies, and it was therefore fitting that our tour should begin with

The Baby House

This proved to be a pleasant cottage, and when we knocked at the door and it was opened by a smiling maid, a babel of happy childish voices greeted us. A score of children were playing with bricks and puzzles and soldiers, while half a dozen put

a very sedate-looking rocking-horse through his paces.

As we came in a hush fell on them, but soon the chatter broke out again, and we were shown various treasures and confiding little fat hands were thrust into ours.

Many of these cheerful little people have sad histories, for over 150 boys at the Homes are War Orphans.

From the Baby House we wandered to the Farm, which provides milk and pro-

duce of all kinds to keep the Homes going. Here the boys learn a love for an outdoor life, and many of them, town-bred boys, find their vocation on the land in these islands or abroad. You can see the boys at work on woodcutting, ploughing, hay-making, stacking and thatching, sowing and gathering in the root crops, and so forth throughout the varying seasons of the year.

From the Farm we wandered on through this pleasant little settlement, which is a world to itself, till we reached the "Power House," and there I found

"Philip"

He is a very nice-looking, frank boy of 14, and he is training to be an engineer. With great pride he showed me the dynamos and other machines, and told me that he liked the work immensely. "Philip" is very well thought of at Farningham, and I am glad to think that we have been instrumental in giving him a good chance in life. I trust that THE QUIVER readers will continue to supply the £40 annually needed for "Philip's" upkeep, and that when he is independent they will "adopt" another boy who needs the same opportunities. The cost of living has increased so much that £40 is the sum now required for the annual support of a boy. I told "Philip" that the readers of THE QUIVER would be very interested to hear about him, and he is very grateful to all who have contributed

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

to his support in the Homes. I feel sure that he will do well in the world.

From the Power House we came to the Bakery, where a delicious smell of new bread greeted us. All was so clean and appetising, and the rows of loaves stacked for future consumption made one feel quite hungry. In fact, the wonderful air of Farningham—set high among the Kentish uplands—made one feel that youthful appetites must need some satisfying here. This department is in the capable hands of Mrs. Bell, and the round and rosy cheeks testify to good and wholesome living.

The Carpenters and the Cobblers

Our next halt was at the Carpenters' Shop, a busy spot that always attracts me by virtue of its cleanliness and activity. There was sawing and planing in full swing, and I was much impressed by the work turned out by the boys. One very serious young person, who could hardly be induced to look up from his work, was putting the finishing touches to an admirable filing cabinet.

From the Carpenters to the Cobblers we wended our way. The latter were as earnest and intent on their work as the carpenters. Here at the moment the boys are under one of the pupils of the late Technical Instructor, who was killed in the war. His successor has been appointed, and he will prepare the boys for the City and Guilds examinations. The boys turn out excellent work. All the repairs of the establishment are done here, and they run into a hundred pairs of boots and shoes every week.

School Hours

The technical side is not, however, the only form of learning to be found at Farningham. In the Gorringe Memorial School the boys are instructed in the three "R's" and all other subjects necessary for their education. This school was founded by the late Mr. Gorringe, and it is one of the finest Pavilion Schools in the country. Captain Lindsay, one of the Committee, kindly showed me over this, and I was immensely interested in the methods employed in



"Philip" to the Fore

The scene is the Chapel of the Farningham Homes: "Philip" is bearing "THE QUIVER" Banner at the Rally of the Young People's Union in connection with the Homes. Mrs. Dix Lewis (President of the Y.P.U.) and Lord Aberdeen are in the pulpit, the Dowager Countess Brassey at the table

THE QUIVER

teaching the younger children. There are no dull moments in school nowadays; nearly everything is learnt by means of pictures. If you count you do not count in dull numbers, but in carrots or turnips or cherries skilfully depicted in coloured chalks on a blackboard. The schoolroom is full of flowers and is decorated with original drawings and paintings by the children. Truly we have opened the shutters and let in daylight into the ancient, dusty realms of learning, so that it is a real joy to children to come to school, not a cause for tears and sighing.

The Young Printers

I was very pleased with a roomful of budding tailors, sitting cross-legged, but I think the most attractive occupation from my point of view was to be found in the "Machine and Composing Rooms." To a writer, the "smell of printers' ink in Fleet Street" has a charm which can vie with, even if it cannot rival, the spicy breezes (fictitious as far as my experience is concerned) said to blow from Ceylon towards the approaching ships. At Farningham, printers' ink attracts not a few of the boys, and on the day I visited the composing and machine rooms the programmes of the Rally were being printed under our very noses. It was delightful to see the boys at work, so keen and so anxious to explain the working of the machines. The printing itself was excellent, and would have done credit to first-class printing firms.

But at Farningham it is not a case of "all work and no play." There is plenty of sporting diversion. We had a glimpse of the swimming bath, in which a number of the boys were giving a very good display of diving and swimming. By the way,

A New Swimming Bath

is badly needed. It was built when there were only 100 boys at the Homes. Does any reader of *THE QUIVER* feel inclined to present a new bath? It would be named after the donor or in memory of anyone he or she might choose. There is plenty of scope for those who wish to give a present to Farningham: six of the cottages are without a piano; the baths in eight of the houses are 50 years old. New asphalt paths and play grounds are needed for each house. The present paths cost the Homes hundreds of

pounds yearly for shoe-leather. The Power House needs extending, and a new kitchen range is wanted, and also several beautiful pictures for each cottage would be welcome. This gives a wide range of choice for generous folk, and I will leave this list of wants sandwiched in my description of the Homes, so that the thought of them may dwell in my readers' minds and probably bear fruit in some way or other later on.

It is obvious that after 50 years improvements are needed. It is over 50 years since the Homes were opened; in fact, the opening was the first public function performed by Queen Alexandra when she came to this country as a bride.

Sports of All Kinds

are encouraged and flourish at Farningham, and the Boy Scouts have an excellent record in the scout world. I had the privilege of witnessing a very good display by them. There is also a Fire Brigade "on the spot," and extremely realistic representations were given of rescues from a supposed-to-be-burning house, and the extinguishing in lightning-quick time of a large bonfire.

Farningham seemed to me to be absolutely complete, and to provide within its acres the most excellent training for a boy that it is possible to obtain. At the sister organisation of Swanley, boys are trained for the Mercantile Marine, and you will see from one of the photographs that illustrates these pages how smart are the lads turned out there. A detachment of them was at Farningham the day I visited the Homes, so I can bear testimony to the photograph being in no degree a "counterfeit presentment."

I feel glad that *THE QUIVER* has had a finger in the Farningham pie, and I hope that so long as the Army of Helpers exists it will see that at least one boy has the advantages of living at the Homes and training in a useful trade or occupation. I am convinced that by so doing we are rendering solid service to the Empire and are giving the greatest chance in life to a boy whom Fate has handicapped severely by the loss of his father.

Books Still Needed

I have been very pleased with the response to my appeal for books, and the following letters will show you how much they are

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

appreciated. The first is from a soldier in Palestine:

"DEAR MRS. LOCK,—Please thank THE QUIVER readers very much indeed for the books which I received yesterday. I am in hospital at present, just recovering from an attack of fever, and I expect you know that reading is one of the chief pastimes in hospital, therefore the books were welcomed by all. I was delighted with the beautiful and most thoughtful selection of literature, which should satisfy the most varied of tastes. Again thanking you for your kindness and wishing you every success, yours gratefully, SAPPER E. PARKES, R.E. Signals, E.E.F."

Another soldier in France wrote:

"Thank you ever so much for the parcel of books, which proved most welcome."

And this letter from Miss Montagu (Hon. Organiser of the Recreation Rooms for Deaf Working Girls) will show you how much pleasure the girls derived from the books. She says:

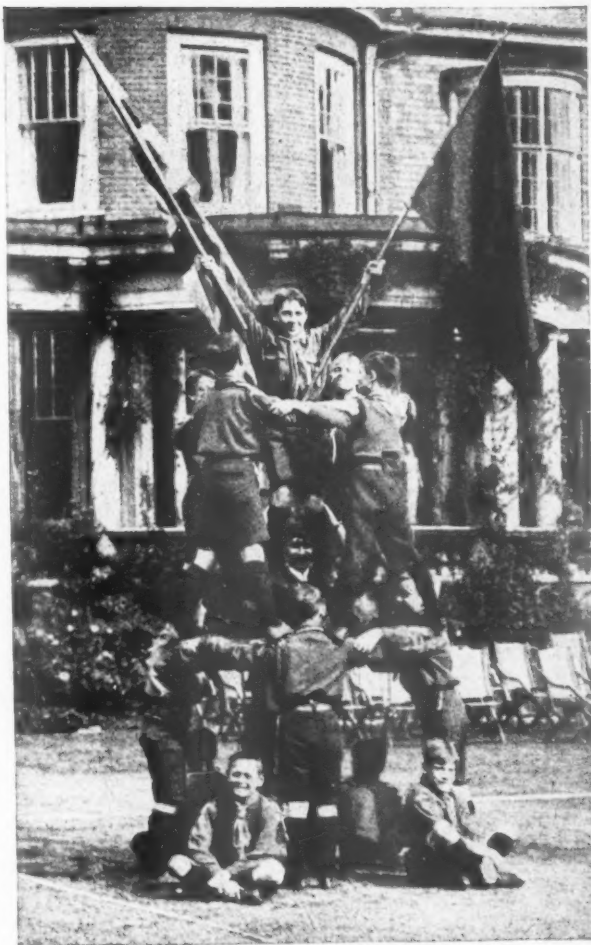
"The members of the Recreation Rooms are simply delighted with the books that the readers of THE QUIVER magazine recently sent. Please ask them to accept our many grateful thanks for their generosity. The girls have been able to enjoy a large number of books during their leisure hours at home and during their intervals in working hours, and through these stories they have broadened their minds and have learnt so much."

My friend Mrs. Martin, who runs a Working Girls' Library in a poor district near Birmingham, writes:

"How good of your readers to send that delightful huge parcel of books. The girls will be most excited when they hear the good news."

So please, my readers, continue to send along all the books you can spare, novels, poetry, biography, travels, nature books, anything and everything except huge dull volumes that are no good to anyone.

Magazines are needed for the Dread-
1264



The Hope of England

A living pyramid of Boy Scouts from the Homes for Little Pows. The group was taken at Lord Leverhulme's house at Hampstead, at the Garden Party on June 28

nought Hospital at Greenwich, where our sick and wounded sailors are cared for.

Wool and Pieces are Appreciated

I am anxious for further consignments of wool of all thicknesses and colours, and in any quantities. And there is a never-failing demand for pieces of silk, velvet, flannel, ribbon, lace, felt, plush and cloth. These are used by the wounded soldiers for toy-making and also by Mr. George Dalton, an

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inmate of St. Barnabas' Home at Torquay. He suffers from tuberculosis, and he makes needlebooks, which he sells in order to supply himself with tobacco, etc. His means are very limited. He writes :

"You will be glad to know I received a letter from two ladies living at Dunbar, N.B. They sent me on some embroidery wools, and also a kind gift of 5s. What I particularly need are pieces of velvet. I am completely at a standstill at present because I have no material, and secondly the prohibitive cost of same. I do trust you will be able to help me in the way of pieces, etc., and also in securing some orders, as I particularly need them at present. We are having lovely weather here, but I am not feeling particularly bright. The heat is so trying and I get so exhausted.—GEORGE DALTON."

The Skin of Top Hats

I had appreciative letters from Miss Lowe (St. Giles' Schools), Mrs. Lowe (Bobbing), Miss Methley and the ladies who knit for the families of poor clergy. Miss Methley was particularly pleased with a number of "top hats."

I may remind readers that the skin of top hats is made into workbags by the wounded soldiers at Southmead Hospital. The hats should be carefully skinned.

Kind Gifts and Letters

I was much pleased with gifts and letters from :

Minna Castle, Miss R. Johnston, Miss Grace Lowe, Miss Violet Methley, Mrs. Smith (Tenby), Mrs. Whitmore, Miss Moore, Miss Butrows, M. Garrard, Mrs. Llewellyn John, Miss Ronu, Anonymous (garments), Mrs. A. R. Miller, Mrs. Beveridge, Mrs. Longford, Mrs. Lowe, Miss Needell, Mrs. Boldeiro, Mrs. Burgess, Miss Hall, Miss Ada E. Macklin, Miss E. Cass, Miss May Wilson, Mrs. Gregory, Miss Smallbone, The Children in Standards I. and II. C. of E. School, Gt. Clacton (per Miss L. A. Groom), Mrs. F. L. Hinwood, Mrs. F. W. Crewdson, C. Parsons, Mrs. Jamie, Miss Tyler, Mrs. Ellis, Miss Ewing, Mrs. J. (a friend from the country), Mrs. Budd, A Mother of an Only Son (pieces), Miss Parker, Mrs. G. Hanson Sale, Mrs. and Master Howells.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly and put Mr., Mrs., or Miss or any other title in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(MRS. R. H. LOCK).

All letters, gold and silver oddments for the Silver Thimble Fund, contributions to "THE QUIVER" Bed at Barnardo's Boys' Garden City, and for "Philip's" maintenance, books, wool, etc., should be addressed to Mrs. R. H. Lock, THE QUIVER Offices, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Cassell and Co., Limited.



Calm

By
Leslie Mary Oyler

"THE peace of God which passeth understanding"
Enwraps us when the evening shadows fall,
And in the tender dusk our hopes expanding
Make things that vexed us sorely seem but small:

The heat and burden of the day are finished,
Strife, clamour dies away and all is calm,
For grievances and worries are diminished—
The peace of God applies a healing balm.

Thus when the day of life seems long and dreary,
And rough the path which pilgrims oft have trod,
At eventide comes comfort for the weary,
Divine and wonderful—the peace of God.



**"The children simply
clamour for BIRD'S Custard."**

SO wrote a mother to us in the War days when "*BIRD'S*" was scarce. She was anxious that her children should have only *BIRD'S*—the Pure Custard, knowing that it adds 25% to the nutritive value of milk.

To-day there is plenty of Bird's Custard for everybody. The small boys and girls, the big sons and daughters, and the fathers and mothers too, can daily enjoy

Bird's Custard

"The golden treat with fruit or pudding."

C3198

HOUSEWORK WITHOUT LABOUR.

**DUSTLESS DUSTING
AND
PERFECT POLISHING.**

BEFORE O-Cedar Mops were used, the operation of keeping polished floors clean was hard and tedious; first sweeping with a broom, afterwards cleaning and polishing on hands and knees, then taking from the ledges the dust disturbed in the process. **Now, one simply takes a**

BRITISH MADE

O-Cedar Mop Polish

**AND GATHERS UP ALL THE DUST, POLISHING
THE SURFACE AT THE SAME TIME.**

SAVES TIME—WORK—MONEY.

Obtainable of all Stores, Hardwaremen, etc.



***"Just one word to you
on Cocoa***

***That word
is -***



**and the Cocoa it
is on is the finest
the world produces
Fry's see to that!**

YOU SEE THAT YOU GET FRY'S!



A School Story—Debate—Results of the June Competitions

BEFORE announcing the new competitions I have a suggestion to make, with which I believe my readers will readily fall in. In fairness to our younger readers, I propose that in future the competitors be divided into two classes, viz. senior and junior: that of the former would constitute readers above the age of 18, and of the latter those of 18 and under. I think this would make a fair division. Naturally enough, it is out of all proportion to expect a child in the early teens to compete with, say, an adult of mature years. So in the circumstances I shall set aside a second prize in each case specially for the juniors. I propose to start this classification of entries with the September competitions.

A School Story

Every reader, senior or junior, I think, will welcome the announcement of a School Story Competition, and this month I can extend the limit to 2,000 words. The story may be of a girls' or boys' school, day or boarding school, just as you prefer, but it must be original. The prize for the seniors is to be Two Guineas, and to the juniors I shall award a consolation prize according to the value of the best story sent in. The closing date for receiving entries will be the 23rd of the month instead of the 20th.

A Competition Debate

By way of a change, I thought we might have some debating introduced into the competitions this month. "Will the League

of Nations abolish War?" This is a question which thousands of people have put to themselves since the world returned to peace, and it is one which I am going to ask each of you to put to yourself this month. Let me have your reply, as terse and to the point as possible, and I will endeavour to find room for half a dozen or so of the most interesting when publishing the results. I am reserving a Pound for prizes to be awarded as I think fit.

The results of the above competitions will appear in the December issue.

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original, and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Competitor's name, age, and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.
3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.
4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope *large enough to contain it*. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelopes, are insufficient.
5. All entries must be received at this office by September 23, 1919. They should be addressed "Competition Editor," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Results of the June Competitions

"My First After-War Holiday: How I should like to spend it"

I read these essays of yours with interest, and were I not in a holiday mood to begin

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with, I can hardly claim not to have fallen prone to it before I had finished. When one is switched suddenly, say, from Devon to Rome, thence to Ceylon, Sweden, back again to Ireland, Scotland, and then eastwards again to Switzerland and up to Norway, it is a matter of small wonder that one should look on with a more or less sympathetic eye.

However, the competitor to whom the prize is awarded does not conjure up anything so drastic as a trip to the Continent, for instance. She regards this as her first Peace holiday, and after the past few years of anxiety she welcomes the thought of having a truly peaceful time. I am printing MARY SILVER'S essay below.

MARY D. BURNIE made quite a good suggestion. She proposes to divide the holiday into two parts, spending the first half in Devonshire and Cornwall, caravanning, with three special chums (not relations), after which she would join her own family party down at Dawlish.

Rather more of a change, perhaps, would be VIOLET BOUCHER'S idea. This reader argues that English holiday resorts will all be so full this year that a long sea voyage would be more commendable. She suggests Rangoon as a possible destination, breaking the journey at Gibraltar, arranging for a short stay in Italy, then on to Port Said, and eventually to India. To one who is fond of the sea this might certainly provide a very interesting holiday.

Then L. B. POWELL'S decision lies in still another direction—a walking tour:

No uncomfortable travelling in crowded, stuffy trains, no turmoil and no encumbrances; a bus shall take me out from the sordid town to the edge of the country, and from there will I start, along the "broad highway."

Equipped with a pocket map, a compass, a reliable jack-knife, collapsible drinking cup, mess tin, toilet requisites, etc., all to go in a haversack slung across my shoulder. Stout boots or shoes, a light but sound raincoat, a trusty walking-stick and a pair of field-glasses, then 'tis heigh for the trail!

Certainly an atmosphere of freedom breathes throughout these remarks, and to some extent a walking tour is the truest holiday one can possibly have, because you are dependent on absolutely nothing in your various movements. On the other hand, to enjoy such a holiday you need to feel particularly strong and fit before setting forth.

The following readers' entries are also worthy of special mention:

Gwendolen Leijonhufvud, Beatrice Elsie Wright, Joan Gedge, E. Kell, Marion J. Brooks, Marie Manley, Kathleen Mills Perry, Dorothy Agnes Yates, Rhoda Bennett, Frances M. Noel Tall, Daisy Pepper, Kitty J. Joynt, Nellie Houldsworth, Mrs. Bradley Wood, Marjorie Bentley, Dorothy A. Knuhrer.

Commended.—Kathleen N. Kirby, Mary Lithgow, Frances Hines, Kathleen McLean, Madge Campbell, Mrs. Hayward, Nancy Ruby M. Jones, Bessie Laws, Winifred Kenyon Coldwell, Ivy Mace, Maud Setters, Frances Weston, Clara Coutts, Florrie Taylor, Cecilia Bell, Gladys Wood, Olive Saile.

Here is the prize-winner's essay:

MY FIRST AFTER-WAR HOLIDAY: HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO SPEND IT

"My first after-war holiday!" What a delightful prospect! A real, genuine holiday, unspoiled by any thoughts of war and bloodshed.

A time when we should all be able to laugh and be happy without the "camouflaged" smiles and gaiety prevalent during war-time holidays!

I should like to spend my first "after-war holiday" in the most peaceful way possible.

A caravan tour in the country with a few congenial friends suggests to me an ideal way of passing a few weeks' holiday. To live thus independently for a while would, to my mind, do much toward renewing the health and spirits of those who have felt the strain of working, watching and waiting during the past few years. The days could be spent in quiet enjoyment not unmingled with many little pleasures.

During the heat of the day we could "pitch" in some shady spot, put the horse to graze, and while away an hour or two as inclination bids. Apart from reading or sketching, there are many outdoor games we could indulge in and so make the days full of interest. The midgets would no doubt remind us occasionally of their presence, but that would be a minor detail compared with all the other joys.

In the cool of the evening we could harness the horse and journey a little farther, the occupants of the caravan now walking, now riding, or stopping to admire some little beauty spot. Could there be anything more restful to a tired mind than to live for a time in the heart of the country, surrounded by the world of nature where man-made objects are but few? To listen to the birds as they warble their evening song, and watch the sun gradually sinking in the west until it completely disappears, when we again "pitch" for the night?

What a joy to awaken to the new day and the novelty of gipsy life! Another day begun, and with it our spirits begin to rise at the thought of the joys before us. We could eat and drink in picnic style, which would help us to remember that for a time we had shaken off the ties of a conventional life.

Thus the days would go leisurely by, this new mode of living renewing the vigour of body, soul and spirit.

I think one essential to a well-spent holiday is to do things, if possible, irrespective of time.

For instance, to eat when hungry, drink when thirsty, sleep when tired, and arise when rested.

At last we must return to "the daily round," the common task, but how different we should feel from the tired creatures who set out on the caravan tour!

Although the actual pleasure is ended, still the memory of those delightful weeks remains, and many quiet moments are spent during the following months in pondering upon the lovely spots of English country "where our caravan had rested." MARY SILVER.

COMPETITION PAGES

Art Competition

"An Illustration from Nature"

There was hardly the variety about the nature illustrations that I had expected. The choice lay largely with flowers: a few readers introduced birds, and one or two ventured on landscapes. Taken on the whole, though, the work itself was quite good.

I am awarding the prize to A. MURIEL ROSCOE, aged 17, for a painting of flowers. The light and shading, as well as the choice of colouring, were particularly good, and gave the work a very realistic effect. I am unable to reproduce the painting, unfortunately, as the charm of the whole thing depended largely on its colouring.

Another good painting of flowers was sent in by NELLIE SCHMIDT; the colouring was vivid yet soft, but the arrangement of the flowers was not quite careless enough to give the painting the realistic touch.

ROBINA KIRKPATRICK's landscape painting was to some extent quite good, though I think she would have met with better success had she chosen a different view, or painted the same view a greater distance away. As it is, the tall trees seem to be on the top of you, as it were, and shut out entirely the scenery behind, though the latter occupies quite half of the included area. Then the running brook introduced into the centre of the picture appears to vanish in a somewhat mysterious fashion: it suddenly loses itself behind one of the trees, but it can't possibly end there. I am afraid Robina has taken rather too great advantage of painter's licence. However, I like her introduction of the red-leaved tree: this change of colouring falls in well with the dark bluish and the lighter yellowish tinted greens.

Quite an original note was introduced by OLIVIA SPENCER BOWER, though she hardly fulfilled the requirements of the subject set. She entitled the illustration, "Nature Study," in which fairies were seen to be busily engaged in unravelling the mysteries of plant life. The colouring, however, was not strong, which gave the picture a thin appearance.

I should like specially to commend the following readers for the work they sent in:

Kathleen McLean, Dorothy M. Simpson, William C. Jackman, J. H. Fowler, William Edgar Allen, Dorothy Ramsden.

Commended.—Violet Boucher, Gwendolen Leijonhufvud, Shelagh Morris, Emily Feltham, Lucy Dorothy Thurston, Agatha Cameron, Bessie Irvine, Ernest Reeves, M. Smail, Austin C. Smith, F. Marion Parker, Dorothy Luckett, Dolly Scouloudi, Kathleen Colquhoun Sconce.

Voting Competition

"Six Greatest Personalities of the War"

This competition apparently met with great enthusiasm on the part of our readers, and it was interesting to find out the result.

As a matter of fact, the votes ran fairly evenly, and long before the final counting it was easily seen which would be the elected six. The result according to vote came out as follows:

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Marshal Foch | 4. The late Lord Kitchener |
| 2. Sir Douglas Haig | 5. Sir David Beatty |
| 3. Mr. Lloyd George | 6. President Wilson |

Other than these there were twenty names of war personalities introduced into the contest.

There were five readers in all who succeeded in voting for the six names mentioned above, but ERNEST ROSS, aged 17, managed to place them more nearly in position than did the rest, and to him, therefore, the prize has been awarded.

Letters are Welcome

Before closing the pages for this month I should just like to remind you again that I am always glad to receive letters from my readers. Suggestions and criticisms are particularly welcome, so if ideas occur to you as to how we might improve our corner I shall be glad if you will send them along to me.

Next month I hope to be able to give you some idea of my plans for competitions in the new volume, which, as you know, commences with the November issue. I shall be mapping out an entirely new programme, as, with your help, I am hoping our Competition Pages in the coming volume will be a great success.

The Quiver Parliament

Readers' Opinions on
'Spiritualism,
the Irish Problem, and
the Modern Mother

Spiritualism

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

That recent article on "Spiritualism" by E. Vaughan-Smith is one of the sanest and most open-minded articles yet printed on a subject which is engrossing innumerable multitudes who "seek for a sign" after an agony of pain.

His views on the subject will meet with approval from most well-balanced minds, and from the many, too, who, stricken by bereavement, have sought the solace of spiritualism and found it wanting.

That there is something in it, and a great deal possibly, few now deny, but, as the author points out, that "something" is best left alone, or let it be left to those eminent scientists who pursue it in the interests of research. For we find that in most cases the majority of people attracted to the subject are the highly strung and neurotic, who are curiously drawn to the unseen like moths to a flame. If investigation is persisted in by such, the result is almost always mental or moral breakdown. Too often is spiritualism confused with Christianity. The Bible sets its face against such divinations. And what is it all for?—breaking one's head against a stone wall in vain attempt to peer behind, while a little farther on the open door invites us in to the fullness of knowledge. It denotes a lack of trust and faith. We find ourselves, good and bad alike, in this glorious world, with all its wealth of beauty and fellowship of souls. Surely the Being responsible will not be less kind in the next.

Surely then, in view of this, we would rather believe that all is well with our dear dead than to think of them as yearning spirits around us, pitifully waiting for table or pencil to enable them to communicate with us, in a manner and on topics far beneath the human intelligence we used to know. —I remain, yours faithfully, (Miss) MARGARET ROSS.

The Irish Problem

DEAR SIR,—

In your June issue there is an article entitled "The Eternal Problem of the Emerald Isle," by Herbert D. Williams. He says: "We have the queer complications of Protestant Ulster and Catholic South. What Ireland demands, Ulster will not have; and what the North passionately pleads for, the South will not touch on any account. But, asks the ordinary man in despair, is there not such a thing as compromise?"

Now a most rational compromise has been proposed, but the difficulty is the South won't agree to it. That is, that the South should be given Home Rule, and that the North should remain as she is.

Is it not the height of unreasonableness that if you give a man what he asks for, he won't be satisfied unless you also give it to someone who does not want it? Now, speaking as an Irishman born and bred, I don't believe either side wants Home Rule at all. The loyal Irish want to remain as they are. The Sinn Feiners want entire separation. They would regard Home Rule as only a stepping-stone to that.

Would England be willing to give complete separation to Ireland? If not, she had better let things go on as they are.—Yours faithfully, I. DAUNT.

From an Irishwoman

SIR,—

I think it must give gratification to an editor to know sometimes that his labours give satisfaction to his readers. It is with that feeling in my mind that I write this letter.

In the June number of THE QUIVER you publish an article entitled "The Irishman," by Mr. Herbert Williams, which gave me very great pleasure to read. How great was the pleasure I think you could not know. None of us can fully realise another's surroundings—present and past. I am an Irishwoman, and I live among people who hate my country and my people. I use the word "hate" deliberately. Scorn, and more or less coarse ridicule, are all they have for Ireland. For Ireland—the land that has stood for spiritual ideals since the beginning of its history, that held aloft the lamp of learning and civilisation when the rest of Europe was shrouded in the darkness of ignorance, and to which Britain and the world owe more than these persons with their materialistic minds could ever grasp.

It does not matter in the least that I think I should suffer a little from Mr. Williams's estimate of the Irish nature. That is nothing. He may be right or he may be wrong, but at least he is fair, and he tries to see things from an Irish view-point. "Sinn Fein" is nothing to be ashamed of or to be apologised for. It is simply the effort of a great old race to express itself and its ideals. This effort at self-expression may take a distorted and twisted form, but that is the fault of the nation which refuses it liberty to develop on its own lines.—ULSTER.

The Modern Mother

"Is the modern mother too devoted? Is there a danger of the modern child—often an only one—being spoilt?"

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

This double danger certainly exists. The modern mother's devotion to her child is the same—her system is different, and the result can best be judged by its effect upon her child. Who does not suffer from the intrusive presence of the modern child, parents included—whose fault it is? The constant interruption of conversation, the insistent claim on "Daddy's" or "Mum's" attention—the toy or book thrust forward with intent to distract—and the meek yielding on the part of the parent!

That a child is happiest in the companionship of other children, and not in the constant society of grown-ups, who will deny? Much notice is decidedly bad, and the modern child is always being watched and studied. It may, however, be said for the modern mother that her children are emancipated at an earlier age—that they leave home from necessity and inclination sooner—and the growing devotion of the boys and girls to their mother as she attains middle age is less marked than formerly. They are more independent, individualistic—often, alas! more selfish than they used to be; they are also better educated and "grow up" sooner, so that while the mother has the child she wants it all to herself, and often effaces herself foolishly in her efforts to hold it.—MILDRED J. DOBE.

Lavender, Sweet Lavender.

*There's treasure for remembrance,
And for love the deep red rose;
For friendship there's the eglantine
That climbs on the green hedge-row,
But for fragrant truth, my dear,
Sweet Mitcham Lavender has no peer.*

DAINTY DORCAS favours
Sweet Lavender. Her mother
knew its value, and so did
her grandmother. It has kept the
clean old napery fresh and fragrant
just as it keeps Dorcas bright and
charming. Dorcas uses Lavender
Water because it is so refreshing; it
cools her in the heat of Summer;
chases away headache, and brings
sweet perturbed serenity.

Fine Old English Lavender Water

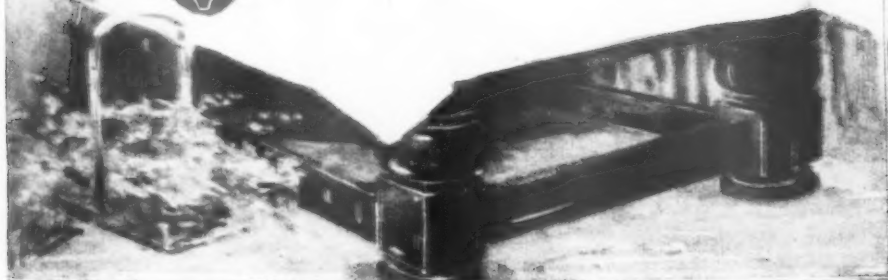
Prepared from the famous
Mitcham Flowers
Per 4/3 bottle.

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